THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1 THE CLANDESTINE LOVERS.
2 For the MORAL ZOOLOGIST—SNAKE EATER.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 New and elegant PATTERNS for GOWNS, &c.
5 MUSIC—HYMN TO MONEY: the Words and Music by WILLIAM BARRE.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Continuation of the Monks and the Robbers will appear in the Supplement.

We hope A. Fermor received the anſwer tranſmitted according to her requeſt: we ſhall be happy to hear again from her.

E. R.'s Poem is unſuitable, on account of its too great length.

L.M.'s Eſſay.—A.D.'s Communications—and various favours of other correſpondents—will have a place in the Supplement.

The Wary Huſband, a Poetical Effuſion—*The Jolly Volunteer*, a Song—and Lines addreſſed to Miſs E. F.—are under conſideration.

Engrav'd for the Lady's Magazine.

The Clandestine Lovers.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1803.

The CLANDESTINE LOVERS;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE son of sir George Dashly, notwithstanding he was heir to the extensive estates of his father, and possessed besides a very ample independent fortune, which had been bequeathed to him by an uncle, was remarkable for such a singularity in his opinions and manners as frequently rendered him an object of merriment to his giddy companions. He had no soul, no taste, no relish for either drinking, gaming, or intriguing with and deceiving credulous females. He despised ostentation and pride, honoured and loved virtue and religion, and, in short, was in every thing the very reverse of a modern young man of fashion.

The latter, however, was the character exhibited by his father in early life; and, even in his more advanced years, he was still a lover of the same dissipation: but his passions having become less ardent, the advancement of his interest was on every occasion preferred to indulgence in pleasure. He continually ridiculed the precise and puritanical ideas, as he called them, of his son, whose love of retirement and science, and whose estrangement from the hollow extravagance of modish life, he considered as mean and contemptible in a person of his rank and fortune.

But all the remonstrances of sir George with his son on this subject were delivered in such a manner, and conveyed in such language, as only tended to confirm the latter still more in his aversion to habits of life which could induce a father seriously to reproach his son with meanness of spirit, because he suspected him of being too much addicted to the love of the humbler virtues, and the practice of disinterested benevolence.

During a visit which young George made to a friend who resided in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of York, as he was one day taking a retired walk in the environs, and enjoying the contemplation of the beauties of nature, he chanced to meet with a young lady, whose person and manner made a more forcible impression on him than he had ever before experienced from any of her sex. He entered into conversation with her, and was equally charmed with her vivacity and good sense; and she, on her part, gave a proof that she had conceived, in some degree, a favourable opinion of him, by consenting to meet him again at the same place, about the same time on the following day. These interviews were several times repeated, and young

George found himſelf more and more enamoured with his lovely companion. He at length, with a timid delicacy, requeſted to be informed of the name and ſituation in life of the amiable perſon to whoſe delightful company he was indebted for ſo many happy hours. She told him, without heſitation, that her name was Louiſa, that ſhe was the daughter of a tradeſman in London, that ſhe had two or three thouſand pounds independent fortune of her own left her by a relation, and that ſhe was on a viſit to an aunt who reſided at York.

George had now conceived ſo ardent and ſincere a paſſion for the lovely ſtranger, that he could no longer delay avowing it; but, from his natural predilection for humble and unoſtentatious life, and his wiſh to be beloved for his own ſake, and not on account of the exterior and fortuitous circumſtances of wealth and title, he told her, that he poſſeſſed a ſmall eſtate of about three hundred a year, on which it was his wiſh to live retired from the follies and crimes attendant on wealth and ambition, with ſuch a delightful companion as herſelf, who appeared to him to entertain congenial ideas.

Theſe interviews between the lovers continued day after day. They rambled they knew not whither, or ſeated themſelves beneath a hedge, or under the ſhade of a wide-ſpreading tree, and mutually plighted to each other promiſes of the tendereſt love, and never-ceaſing fidelity.

But one day, when George repaired to the uſual ſcene of his happineſs, to meet the object of his fondeſt wiſhes, he found her not. In vain he waited, in vain he ſought her in every field, lane, or copſe, through which they had ever wandered; he found her not. Another day came, and with it the ſame diſappointment. He now recollected that, in the intoxication of his happineſs, notwithſtanding the very explicit account he had obtained from her of her ſituation and family, he had forgotten to enquire either the place of abode of her father, or the name or reſidence of the relation where ſhe was on a viſit. He, however, made numerous enquiries; but all were fruitleſs. He afterwards hurried up to town, and endeavoured, if poſſible, to diſcover the father of his loſt Louiſa, now, by her ſudden diſappearance, ſtill more endeared to his heart; but all his reſearches were in vain.

In the mean time, ſir George Daſhly having renewed his acquaintance with lord Fitzoſborne, after an interruption of all intercourſe between them for many years, on account of ſome trifling difference, it appeared to ſir George and his lordſhip, in a conference which they held together, that a marriage between the ſon of the former and the daughter of the latter would greatly contribute to the intereſt, honour, and advantage, in every point of view, of themſelves and their reſpective families. After a few meetings, they ſettled between them all the neceſſary preliminaries of any importance, and nothing was wanting but the trifling ceremony of introducing the two young perſons to each other, ſigning the contracts, and going through the little formalities requiſite by the law of the land to a matrimonial union. Sir George, however, had his fears, that a marriage thus concluded might not perfectly accord with the romantic ideas of his ſon; and his lordſhip had ſome doubts that his daughter might have a little amour on her hands which might occaſion ſome difficulty, and which, in fact, had been the principal reaſon why he had propoſed the marriage, and readily conſented to terms to which he would otherwiſe probably have demurred.

It accordingly happened, in both

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Pheasant.

cafes, as had been fufpected. George, when his father began to explain to him the great increafe of wealth and influence he now had an opportunity of obtaining, only by marrying a young lady of great beauty and endowments, to whom he could have no poffible objection but the very foolifh one that he had not yet feen or converfed with her, declared it was abfolutely impoffible for him to accede to the terms. Lord Fitzofborne found his daughter not lefs averfe to marrying a man fhe had not yet feen, and of whofe affection for her the was fo far from having received any proof, that fhe was certain he could not love her.

In this dilemma fir George and his lordfhip held another council, in which it was refolved, at any rate, to introduce the young couple to each other: for the baronet thought he could rely on the perfonal appearance and deportment of his fon to fubdue any little previous predilection on the part of the lady; and his lordfhip was equally fatisfied that the beauty and accomplifhments of his daughter muft prove irrefiftible.

George and the young lady, when the propofal of an interview was made to them feparately, likewife readily confented to fee each other once; for they mutually thought, that, by explicitly and candidly declaring the real ftate of their hearts, they muft finally terminate the whole affair.

When introduced to each other, both appeared extremely furprifed and confufed. George firft recovered himfelf fufficiently to break filence.—'Madam,' faid he, 'did I not know it to be impoffible, I fhould think you the angel I have loft, who has made on my heart an impreffion which never can be effaced. But though you are her lovely image, never can my affection fwerve from her, unlefs I fhould difcover fhe has deceived—'

'I am her,' exclaimed Louifa, ftarting up—'I have not deceived you, except in concealing from you my birth and fortune, that I might enjoy the pleafure of being loved independent of them.'

'I deceived you,' anfwered George, 'in the fame manner, with precifely the fame views, and rapturous is my reward!'

'So! fo!' cried his lordfhip to his daughter, 'this was your country intrigue! I had received fome intimation of it from lady Holford, your aunt; for you had been feen with this gentleman, I fuppofe, by fome female who knew you, and who informed your aunt. You were, in confequence, hurried up to town at a moment's warning; and I made this match for you as faft as I could, for fear of the worft:—but it has turned out all very well—all very well, indeed!'

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 603.)

LETTER IX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE genus placed by Linnæus and moft other naturalifts, in the front of the order of *picæ*, or pies, is called by him *pfittacus* (parrot), and contains the parrots, parakeets, macaos, maccaws, or avas, and lories, amounting to a hundred and forty-one fpecies, befides numerous varieties. The large kind, which are of the fize of a raven, are called maccaws; the next fize are fimply

called parrots; thofe whofe cry refembles the found of the word 'lory' are called lories; and thofe of the leaft fize are called parakeets. The difference between thefe confifts rather in the fize than in any peculiar conformation: they all have two toes before and two behind, for holding and climbing; ftrong hooked bills, for breaking nuts and other hard fubftances on which they feed; and loud harfh voices, with which they fill their native woods with clamour.

Buffon ranges the parrots in two great claffes; the firft comprehending thofe of the old continent, the fecond thofe of the new. The firft he fubdivides into five families; the cockatoos, the parrots properly fo called, the lories, the long-tailed parrakeets, and the fhort-tailed parrakeets. Thofe of the new world compofe fix other families; the maccaws, the amazonians, the creeks, the poppinjays, the long-tailed paroquets, and the fhort-tailed paroquets.

It is obferved by Buffon, that, among the numerous fpecies of parrots that are known and defcribed, there is not one common to the new and the old world. In the fame manner, among quadrupeds, it is remarked, that none of thofe which are peculiar to the tropical regions of one continent are to be found in the fame latitude in the other. No animal that is incapable of bearing the rigours of cold is found to pafs from the old to the new world, becaufe it is only from the regions of the north that this migration is made. The parrot is incapable of traverfing that vaft fpace between Africa and the Eaft Indies; and all the different tribes of this extenfive clafs remain, therefore, confined to their primitive ftations on each hemifphere. So fhort and heavy are their flights, that they can fcarcely crofs an arm of the fea feven or eight leagues broad; and hence almoft every ifland in the Weft Indies is diftinguifhed by a race of parrots peculiar to itfelf.

The Greeks at firft were acquainted with only one fpecies of parrot, or rather parrakeet, which was the fame with that now called the *great ring parrakeet*. They were brought from the ifland of Taprobane into Greece by Onesicritus, who commanded Alexander's fleet. They were fo new and uncommon, that Ariftotle himfelf appears not to have feen them, fince he only fays—'there is an Indian bird called *pfittace*, which is faid to fpeak.'—But the beauty of thefe birds, and their power of imitating fpeech, foon made them the objects of luxury among the Romans, and the prevalence of that practice provoked the indignation of the rigid Cato. They were lodged in cages of filver, of fhells, and of ivory; and the price of a parrot often exceeded that of a flave. Until the time of Nero, however, no parrots were known at Rome but thofe from India, when thofe who miniftered to the pleafures of that extravagant and luxurious emperor found them on an ifland of the Nile, between Syene and Meroe, called Gaganda.

The Portuguefe, who firft doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and explored the fhores of Africa, found the country of Guinea, the iflands fcattered in the Indian ocean, and alfo the continent, inhabited by various kinds of parrots, all unknown in Europe, and in fuch vaft numbers that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from devouring the rice and maize. Thefe, however, were far inferior, both in numbers and variety, to thofe that prefented themfelves to the firft adventurers in the new world. Some of the iflands there were called the Parrot

Isles, from the vast quantities of these birds which were found upon them. They constituted the first article of commerce between the inhabitants of the old and new continents. In these regions, every forest swarms with them, and the rook is not better known in Europe, than the parrot in the East and West Indies.

Considering the great varieties and numbers of these birds, nothing seems more extraordinary, than that only one species of them should be known to the ancients, and that at the time when the Romans boasted of being masters of the world. Among all the numerous species of parrots now known, scarcely one naturally breeds in the countries that acknowledged the Roman power: a sufficient proof how vain was the claim of even that ambitious people to universal dominion.

The great docility of these birds, and the ease with which they may be taught to imitate the human voice, renders them objects of curiosity and amusement. The great number of words they are capable of learning and repeating, is very surprising. 'We are assured by a grave writer,' says Dr. Goldsmith, 'that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I,' adds the doctor, 'may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances, from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment: *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.* The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortations.'

'The extreme sagacity and docility of the bird,' continues the same author, 'may furnish the best excuse for those who spend whole hours in teaching their parrots to speak, and indeed the bird on those occasions seems the wisest animal of the two. It at first obstinately resists all instruction, but seems to be won by perseverance, makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds, and when it has got one word distinct, all the succeeding come with greater facility. The bird generally learns most in those families where the master or mistress have the least to do, and becomes more expert in proportion as its instructors are idly assiduous. In going through the towns of France, some time since, I could not help observing, how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend who was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me, that the French women scarcely did any thing else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils, and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.'

The parrots of France are certainly very expert, but nothing to those of the Brasils, where the education of a parrot is considered as a serious business. The history of prince Maurice's parrot, given us by Mr. Locke, is too well known to be repeated here; but Clusius assures us, that the parrots of that country are the most sensible and cunning of all animals not endued with reason. The great parrot, called in that country the *Aicuros*, he tells us, is a prodigy of understanding. 'A certain Brasilian wo-

man,' he says, 'that lived in a village two miles distant from the island on which we resided, had a parrot of this kind, which was the wonder of the place. It seemed endued with such understanding, as to discern and comprehend whatever she said to it. As we sometimes used to pass by that woman's house, she used to call upon us to stop, promising if we gave her a comb, or a looking-glass, that she would make her parrot sing and dance to entertain us. If we agreed to her request, as soon as she had pronounced some words to the bird, it began not only to leap and skip on the perch on which it stood, but also to talk, and to whistle, and imitate the shoutings and exclamations of the Brasilians when they prepare for battle. In brief, when it came into the woman's head to bid it sing, it sang; to dance, it danced. But if, contrary to our promise, we refused to give the woman the little present agreed on, the parrot seemed to sympathize in her resentment, and was silent and immoveable; neither could we, by any means, provoke it to move either foot or tongue.

(*To be continued.*)

The Physician; *an* Apologue.

A very skilful but covetous physician, coming to visit Lahorash, the philosopher, when he was in a fair way of recovery, found him eating a ragout. 'What are you doing?' said he; 'such food is poison even for the best constitutions.'

Lahorash answered, 'I acknowledge what you say to be true; I was to blame, and for the future will refrain from indulging my appetite.—But what do I owe you for your attendance during my illness?'

The physician demanded a very considerable sum.

'Your fees,' said the philosopher, paying him, 'are too exorbitant for your patients. Endeavour to remove the disease under which you yourself labour: believe me it is as serious as mine. Riches are to the mind, what ragouts are to the body.'

Miscellaneous Maxims.

Frankness is one of the greatest virtues, but it is the least rewarded.

The same generosity which makes us forget the benefits we have conferred, will prevent us from forgetting those we have received.

If men understood their true interests, they would frequently take as much pains to avoid being troubled with a great fortune, as they do to acquire one.

Fortune may be justly compared to a coquette: she is engaging, charming, seducing; surrounded by a crowd of adorers; at the same time her most assiduous followers are commonly the greatest dupes of her caprice and levity.

Those only ought to read much who can forget much.

A man of excessive timidity is nothing: confidence doubles every quality; with it we are doubly respectable or doubly contemptible. How many persons we find willing to risk this alternative!

The RELATION *of* ANIMATED BODIES *to* INANIMATE NATURE.

[*From Paley's 'Natural Theology.'*]

WE have already considered *relation,* and under different views; but it was the relation of parts to parts, of the parts of an animal to other parts of the same animal, or of another individual of the same species.

But the bodies of animals hold, in their constitution and properties, a close and important relation to natures altogether external to their own; to inanimate substances, and to the specific qualities of these, e. g. *they hold a strict relation to the* ELEMENTS *by which they are surrounded.*

I. Can it be doubted, whether the *wings of birds* bear a relation to air, and the *fins of fish* to water? They are instruments of motion, severally suited to the properties of the medium in which the motion is to be performed: which properties are different. Was not this difference contemplated, when the instruments were differently constituted?

II. The structure of the animal *ear* depends for its use not simply upon being surrounded by a fluid, but upon the specific nature of that fluid. Every fluid would not serve: its particles must repel one another; it must form an elastic medium: for it is by the successive pulses of *such* a medium, that the undulations excited by the sounding body are carried to the organ; that a communication is formed between the object and the sense; which must be done, before the internal machinery of the ear, subtile as it is, can act at all.

III. The *organs* of voice, and respiration, are, no less than the ear, indebted, for the success of their operation, to the peculiar qualities of the fluid in which the animal is immersed. They, therefore, as well as the ear, are constituted upon the supposition of such a fluid, i. e. of a fluid with such particular properties, being always present. Change the properties of the fluid, and the organ cannot act: change the organ, and the properties of the fluid would be lost. The structure therefore of our organs, and the properties of our atmosphere, are made for one another. Nor does it alter the relation, whether you allege the organ to be made for the element (which seems the most natural way of considering it), or the element as prepared for the organ.

IV. But there is another fluid with which we have to do; with properties of its own; with laws of acting, and of being acted upon, totally different from those of air and water:—and that is *light.* To this new, this singular, element; to qualities perfectly peculiar, perfectly distinct and remote from the qualities of any other substance with which we are acquainted, an organ is adapted, an instrument is correctly adjusted, not less peculiar amongst the parts of the body, not less singular in its form, and, in the substance of which it is composed, not less remote from the materials, the model, and the analogy of any other part of the animal frame, than the element to which it relates, is specific amidst the substances with which we converse. If this does not prove appropriation, I desire to know what would prove it.

Yet the element of light and the organ of vision, however related in their office and use, have no connection whatever in their original. The action of rays of light upon the surfaces of animals has no tendency to breed eyes in their heads. The sun might shine for ever upon living bodies without the smallest approach towards producing the sense of sight.

On the other hand alſo, the animal eye does *not* generate or emit light.

V. Throughout the univerſe there is a wonderful *proportioning* of one thing to another. The ſize of animals, of the human animal eſpecially, when conſidered with reſpect to other animals, or to the plants which grow around him, is ſuch, as a regard to his conveniency would have pointed out. A giant or a pigmy could not have milked goats, reaped corn, or mowed graſs; we may add, could not have rode a horſe, trained a vine, ſhorn a ſheep; with the ſame bodily eaſe as we do, if at all. A pigmy would have been loſt amongſt ruſhes, or carried off by birds of prey.

It may be mentioned likewiſe, that, the model and the materials of the human body being what they are, a much greater bulk would have broken down by its own weight. The perſons of men, who much exceed the ordinary ſtature, betray this tendency.

VI. Again; and which includes a vast variety of particulars, and those of the greatest importance, how close is the *suitableness* of the earth and sea to their several inhabitants; and of these inhabitants to the places of their appointed residence!

Take the *earth* as it is; and consider the correspondency of the powers of its inhabitants with the properties and condition of the soil which they tread. Take the inhabitants as they are; and consider the substances which the earth yields for their use. They can scratch its surface, and its surface supplies all which they want. This is the length of their faculties; and such is the constitution of the globe, and their own, that this is sufficient for all their occasions.

When we pass from the earth to the *sea*, from land to water, we pass through a great change; but an adequate change accompanies us of animal forms and functions, of animal capacities and wants, so that *correspondency* remains. The earth in its nature is very different from the sea, and the sea from the earth; but one accords with its inhabitants, as exactly as the other.

VII. The laſt relation of this kind which I ſhall mention is that of *ſleep* to *night*. And it appears to me to be a relation which was expreſsly intended. Two points are manifeſt: firſt, that the animal frame requires ſleep; ſecondly, that night brings with it a ſilence, and a ceſſation of activity, which allows of ſleep being taken without interruption, and without loſs. Animal exiſtence is made up of action and ſlumber: nature has provided a ſeaſon for each. An animal, which ſtood not in need of reſt, would always live in daylight. An animal, which, though made for action and delighting in action, muſt have its ſtrength repaired by ſleep, meets by its conſtitution the returns of day and night. In the human ſpecies, for inſtance, were the buſtle, the labour, the motion of life, upheld by the conſtant preſence of light, ſleep could not be enjoyed without being diſturbed by noiſe, and without expenſe of that time which the eagerneſs of private intereſt would not contentedly reſign. It is happy therefore for this part of the creation, I mean that it is conformable to the frame and wants of their conſtitution, that nature, by the very diſpoſition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and impoſed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermiſſion of their toils, their occupations, and purſuits.

But it is not for man, either ſolely or principally, that night is made. Inferior, but leſs perverted, natures, taſte its ſolace, and expect its return, with greater exactneſs and advantage than he does. I have often

obſerved, and never obſerved but to admire, the ſatisfaction, no leſs than the regularity, with which the greateſt part of the irrational world yield to this ſoft neceſſity, this grateful viciſſitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, addreſs themſelves to the repoſe of the evening; with what alertneſs they reſume the activity of the day.

Nor does it diſturb our argument to confeſs, that certain ſpecies of animals are in motion during the night, and at reſt in the day. With reſpect even to them it is ſtill true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change correſponding with it. There is ſtill the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repoſe of other animals ſets theſe at liberty, and invites them to their food or their ſport.

If the relation of *ſleep* to *night*, and, in ſome inſtances, its converſe, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things cloſe to us; the change applies immediately to our ſenſations: of all the phænomena of nature, it is the moſt obvious and the moſt familiar to our experience: but, in its cauſe, it belongs to the great motions which are paſſing in the heavens. Whilſt the earth glides round her axle, ſhe miniſters to the alternate neceſſities of the animals dwelling upon her ſurface, at the ſame time that ſhe obeys the influence of thoſe attractions which regulate the order of many thouſand worlds. The relation therefore of ſleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe; probably it is more: it is a relation to the ſyſtem, of which that globe is a part; and, ſtill further, to the congregation of ſyſtems, of which theirs is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meaneſt individual with the univerſe itſelf; a chicken rooſting upon its perch, with the ſpheres revolving in the firmament.

VIII. But if any one object to our repreſentation, that the ſucceſſion of day and night, or the rotation of the earth upon which it depends, is not reſolvible into central attraction, we will refer him to that which certainly is,—to the change of the ſeaſons. Now the conſtitution of animals ſuſceptible of torpor bears a relation to winter, ſimilar to that which ſleep bears to night.—Againſt not only the cold; but the want of food, which the approach of winter induces, the preſerver of the world has provided, in many animals by migration, in many others by torpor. As one example out of a thouſand, the bat, if it did not sleep through the winter, must have starved, as the moths and flying insects, upon which it feeds, disappear. But the transition from summer to winter carries us into the very midst of physical astronomy, that is to say, into the midst of those laws which govern the solar system at least, and probably all the heavenly bodies.

THE POET OF EDNAM.

There is now living in the pariſh of Ednam, the birth-place of the immortal poet Thomſon, a young man of eighteen years of age, who was born without legs or knees, and his thighs defective. His father was a day-labourer; but has been dead for ſome years. He ſits upon a table in the cottage through the day, and when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field, where he reads and enjoys the air. He has taught himſelf to read, to write a legible hand, to play on the flute, to draw with a pencil—although one of his arms he cannot

raiſe to his breaſt,—and he attempts poetry. He is, notwithſtanding the want of exerciſe, very healthy, always cheerful and contented, though his ſupport depends entirely upon the wages of his younger brother, who is a ſervant to a reſpectable farmer at Ednam.

When his father died, his mother, in great diſtreſs, exclaimed, 'Oh, William! who will maintain you now?' To which he anſwered, 'Dear mother, that Divine Being who created me in this helpleſs ſtate, will not ſuffer me to periſh of want.' He is very grateful to any perſon who lends him books, drawings to copy, or pays the leaſt attention to him. He is little known, or he would poſſibly be relieved by the benevolent. A very ſmall ſum would ſecure him from want, as oatmeal, milk, and potatoes, are the food of the Scotch peaſantry, and all he has ever been accuſtomed to. The lameneſs of one of his arms prevents him from learning any buſineſs to earn his living. He is extremely well informed; converſes with great propriety upon every ſubject, although his articulation is alſo defective: he feels much intereſted in the preſent ſtate of his native country and of Europe; reads the newſpapers, which are occaſionally ſent him, with great anxiety; and, as a proof of it, we ſubjoin the following copy of his laſt production, which he entitles—

THE TEARS OF SWITZERLAND.

How blaſted now, how chang'd my ſtate,
How fall'n from glory and renown!
No more I'm mark'd fair Freedom's ſeat,
No more my ſons are call'd her own.

Fair Freedom from my ſons is fled—
Fled, in ſome happier clime to reign;
And low they droop, and bow the head,
Beneath ſtern Gallia's chain.

Long they for me like patriots fought,
And ſtood, though on all ſides aſſail'd;
For me and Freedom wonders wrought,
But Fate and Gallia prevail'd.

How are they ſunk! upon my dales
No virgin's heard to pour her lay,
Nor paſt'ral pipe within my vales,
Nor ſhepherd's ſong to cheer the day:

But ſadneſs dwells in ev'ry breaſt;
Complaints and ſighs from ev'ry vale,
Of virgins wrong'd and ſwains oppreſs'd,
Sound mournfully upon the gale.

The maid bemoans her piteous caſe,
Sighs, beats her breaſt, and ſits forlorn;
The youth (ſome tyrant's train to grace)
She lov'd, from her embrace is torn.

Does not thy patriot boſom ſwell,
Where thou ſitt'ſt in immortal day,
To ſee thy country, thus, O Tell!
Of Gallia's lawleſs ſons the prey?

Infuſe thy ſoul in ſome bold heart,
That he may riſe, all great like thee,
Again my freedom to aſſert,
And hail me from oppreſſion free.

A MORNING'S WALK *in* DECEMBER.

'Now ſnows deſcend, and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array.' HERVEY.

'The morn, ſlow riſing, o'er the drooping world
Lifts its pale eye unjoyous.' THOMSON.

'For wind and rain beat dark December.'
SHAKSPEARE.

THIS morning when I aroſe, I found Nature covered with a ſnowy mantle. Though the fleecy ſhower ſtill continued to deſcend, I walked amid the glittering ſcene; not to view the daiſy-embroidered mead, nor plain enamelled with gold-cups; not to inhale the violet-ſcented breeze, nor to hearken to congregated nightingales; but to contemplate the rueful appearance of Creation, deſpoiled of all that was beautiful, by the ſavage ſtrokes of deſpotic Winter.

Equipped in a thick great coat, I bade defiance to

'the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm.'

My figure was rather groteſque; and, had a painter ſeen me, he might have thought me no bad emblematical repreſentation of that ſeaſon

which was the ſubject of my contemplation.

Though all around appeared ungrateful to the eye, yet Hope ſuggeſted ſome pleaſing ideas.

‘ Auſpicious Hope! in thy ſweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
Won by their ſweets, in nature's languid hour
The way-worn pilgrim ſeeks thy ſummer-bower:
There—as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid-ſpirits bring!’ CAMPBELL.

‘ Yes, aſſiſted by Hope, I was enabled to utter the following ſoliloquy:

‘ Unpropitious as the morning is, anticipation can cheer my mind with pleaſure in perſpective. Though the citizens of the bough forbear to carol lays of love; and the myriads of inſects, that gamboled in the ſolar beams, are ſwept from exiſtence by the breath of Boreas: yet again the herald lark ſhall hail the orient ſun, and the countleſs ſwarms of gilded inſignificants ſport in the noon-tide blaze.

‘ Again all-bright ſhall glow the morning-beam,
Again ſoft ſuns diſſolve the frozen ſtream;
Spring call young breezes from the ſouthern ſkies;
And, cloth'd in beauty, flowery millions riſe.’ DWIGHT.

‘ Again will the ſeaſon of delight return, and invite the early walker to leave his couch.—

‘ Then ſhall he love (when genial Morn appears,
Like penſive Beauty ſmiling in her tears)
To watch the brightening roſes of the ſky,
And muſe on nature with a poet's eye.’ CAMPBELL.

‘ The cloſing year ſolemnly reminds me that another annual period of my ſhort life has rolled down the ſtream of time to the ocean of eternity. Still my little ſkiff is buffeting the waves, while veſſels of ampler dimenſions and prouder magnitude are whelmed beneath the tide. Still I breathe the vital air, and “drink the golden day,” while the celebrated Cowper and the amiable Beattie “repoſe in dull cold marble.” With me the flowery Spring of human life is flown, the Summer is commenced: ſoon, if Heaven permits, the Autumn and Winter of age will arrive; that dreary Winter that knows no ſucceeding Spring!

‘ Short is the Spring, and ſhort the Summer hour,
And ſhort the time while fruitful Autumn reigns;
But tedious roll the days when Winter's power
Aſſerts its empire o'er the blaſted plains:
‘ As ſwiftly wears the Spring of life away;
As ſwiftly will the jolly Summer go:
But, ah! when Winter clouds the cheerleſs day,
Again the vernal breezes never blow.’

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

On the DRESS *of the* PARISIAN LADIES.

[*From ‘ A Sketch of Modern Paris.*’]

Paris, Dec. 27, 1801.

I WAS laſt night at a public ball given by a club or ſociety, called *Le Salon des Etrangers.* This is an eſtabliſhment formed on the plan of our ſubſcription-houſes in England, and lately opened in a handſome houſe in *La Rue Grange Batalière*, the windows of which look on the Boulevard. It conſiſts of Frenchmen, who are admitted by ballot, and of foreigners of all nations. The latter are received, being introduced by a member, on paying the annual ſubſcription of five louis. The houſe is handſomely furniſhed, and conſiſts of ſeveral large rooms, which are open every morning and evening for the uſe of the ſubſcribers. Beſides the ordinary games played in ſuch ſort of houſes, there is a very excellent billiard-table, and

a room fitted up for reading, in which are found periodical publications, and all the newſpapers, French, German, and Engliſh. It was this latter circumſtance which induced me to ſubſcribe; and it is here where I uſually end my walk, and amuſe myſelf for half an hour, in running over the publications of the day.

The club or ſociety, by way, I ſuppoſe, of gaining to its aid the protection and intereſt of the fair, without which nothing is to be done in France, nor, to ſpeak the truth, anywhere elſe, gives a ball about once in ten days; and it was at one of theſe aſſemblies that I was preſent laſt night.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. ——— and I drove to *Le Salon des Etrangers* (for no ball begins at an earlier hour), and the ſtring of carriages was ſo very long, that we were nearly an hour in getting up to the door. I cannot help taking this opportunity of commending the admirable order preſerved by the police, on all ſuch occaſions, at Paris. Though, from ſeveral ſtreets meeting on the Boulevard, the crowd was ſo great, yet there was not the leaſt accident nor even the ſmalleſt confuſion. The ſtaircaſe by which we aſcended was elegantly ornamented with orange and other artificial flower trees. When we entered the outward room, there were already ſo many perſons aſſembled, that it was not without conſiderable difficulty that we made our way into the *ſ lon,* or 'drawing-room. Never ſhall I forget my ſurpriſe, when, looking round me, I perceived the dreſs, or rather the nakedneſs, of the ladies. I had heard much of the indecency of which ſome females were guilty in reſpect to *coſtume,* at Paris, and I had already ſeen ſpecimens of the thinneſs of their apparel, but till this evening I thought it only the failing of a few. I now ſaw at leaſt two hundred women, of different ages and different ſituations in life, all diſplaying, without reſerve or diſguiſe, the beauties which they had either received from nature, imitated by art, or believed themſelves by the aid of flattering fancy to poſſeſs. The young and the old, the handſome and the ugly, the fair and the brown, all prodigally dragged into common view thoſe charms which a virtuous woman conceals from motives of modeſty, and a ſenſualiſt from thoſe of diſcretion. The buxom girl of ſixteen, the newly-married woman, and the ſuperannuated mother of a numerous family, were all equally expoſed. Naked necks, naked backs, and their form ſcarcely concealed by a tranſparent petticoat, left nothing to the power of fancy.

You will think, perhaps, that I am drawing an exaggerated picture; but I can aſſure you, on the honour of a man of truth, that ſuch was the *coſtume* of at leaſt two-thirds of the ladies preſent at this ball. The head-dreſſes, claſſically imitated from the ancient ſtatues, were elegant; and the number of diamonds, pearls, and other precious ſtones, ſtrikingly brilliant. There were many handſome women, but their beauty was uniformly of one kind. The *embonpoint* and the *nez retrouſſé* characteriſed them all. I looked in vain for thoſe graceful figures, and thoſe Grecian countenances, which form ſo often the ornament of an Engliſh aſſembly. Among the moſt celebrated *belles*, madame R———, the young wife of an affluent banker, was pointed out to me; madame V———, an Italian lady, much the faſhion at Paris; and the renowned madame Tallien. I think the firſt rather remarkable for the ſingularity of her dreſs—her head being ornamented *à-la-cochoiſe*, that is to ſay, as the peaſants of a particular province dreſs their hair,—her

extreme fairneſs and downcaſt look, than for any real extraordinary beauty. Madame V——— is a fine dark woman, *d'une certaine age*, with beautiful eyes, and a commanding perſon. Madame Tallien, notwithſtanding her great fame, has, according to me, rather an agreeable countenance, and an enchanting ſmile, than features exceſſively ſtriking. She is fair as the faireſt of our countrywomen; her neck is beautiful, and her countenance mild and good-humoured: yet, in ſpite of theſe advantages, I never ſhould have diſcovered in her the reigning *belle* of Paris. She, too, is not in the firſt bloom of youth. The dances were the cotillon (which they call *la contredanſe*) and the waltz. In the former, the ladies diſplayed that decided ſuperiority which the French poſſeſs in the art of dancing. As to the waltz, I was aſtoniſhed at the decency with which that very indecent dance was danced by the young Pariſians; who placing their arms round the uncovered perſons of the handſomeſt women in the room, yet had ſufficient command of themſelves not to ſhock either their partners or the company, by being guilty of the ſlighteſt impropriety. I expreſſed my ſurpriſe to an elderly lady at this extraordinary forbearance. '*Croyez moi, monſieur*, ſhe replied, *nôs jeunes gens voient tout cela avec l'indifférence la plus parfaite* *.'

What a leſſon does this remark hold out to the fair ſex of every deſcription! That female is not leſs deficient in coquetry, and in the art of commanding the affections of men, than in every principle of decency, who wantonly expoſes to the common gaze of paſſing curioſity thoſe attractions which are only valuable as long as the ſight of them is the excluſive privilege of a favoured lover.

The libertine, if he at firſt looks on with admiration, ſoon ceaſes to care for that which every eye may behold; and apathy, united to contempt, is the ſentiment which ſucceeds to paſſion.

I return to the ball. The crowd became greater and greater, and the heat exceſſive; but the ſcene altogether was lively and amuſing.

A Frenchman, *de l'ancien regime*, hearing me expreſs my ſurpriſe at the *coſtume* of the ladies, aſſured me that, excepting the foreigners, there was not one woman *de bonne compagnie* in the room. This term of *bonne compagnie* is ſo often uſed, and ſo ſeldom explained, that I really do not know whether he meant that there was not a woman of the old court, or that there was not a virtuous female, preſent. If he intended the former, it only proved that theſe balls were not frequented by the *nobleſſe*; if the latter, he was much ſeverer in his remark than I had been. I only complained of the ladies being indecent; he aſſerted that they were profligate. At any rate, the one fault leads ſo rapidly to the other, that it was difficult to make a miſtake.

The room was well lighted, the muſic excellent, and the ball, being formed of all the different claſſes of ſociety, highly entertaining to a foreigner. There were a great many Engliſh preſent, moſt of the ambaſſadors, and many other diſtinguiſhed characters.

I returned home about three in the morning. Adieu.

ORIGIN *of* JOHN O' GROAT'*s* HOUSE.

JOHN o' Groat's houſe, ſo often viſited by travellers, and mentioned in converſation, is ſituated at

* 'Believe me, ſir, our young men ſee all this with the moſt perfect indifference.'

the north-eaſt extremity of Great-Britain, about a mile and a half from Dungiſbay-head, in the county of Caithneſs. This memorable place owes its fame, in a great degree, to its local ſituation, at the northern extremity of the iſland; but more ſo, perhaps, to the following event, which inculcates a uſeful leſſon of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, (ſuppoſed to have been originally from Holland), arrived in Caithneſs, with a letter from that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving ſubjects in the county of Caithneſs. Theſe brothers purchaſed ſome land near Dungiſbay-head; and in a ſhort time, by the increaſe of their families, *eight* different proprietors of the name of *Groat*, poſſeſſed theſe lands in equal diviſions.

Theſe eight families, having lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, eſtabliſhed an annual meeting to celebrate the anniverſary of the arrival of their anceſtors on the coaſt. At one of theſe meetings, in the courſe of the feſtivity, a queſtion aroſe reſpecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and other points of precedency (each contending for the ſeniority and chieftainſhip), which increaſed to ſuch a degree, as would probably have proved fatal in its conſequences, had not John de Groat, who appears to have acquired great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comforts they had heretofore enjoyed, in conſequence of the harmony that had ſubſiſted between them: he aſſured them that as ſoon as they appeared to quarrel among themſelves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with reſpect, would fall upon them and expel them the country. He therefore conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual ſafety, to return quietly to their ſeveral homes, and pledged himſelf that he would ſatisfy them on all points of precedency, and thus prevent the poſſibility of ſuch diſputes at their next anniverſary meeting. They all acquieſced, and departed in peace.

In due time, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room, diſtinct from all other houſes, of an octagon figure, with eight doors, placing a table of oak of the ſame ſhape in the middle; and when the next meeting took place, he deſired each of them to enter by his own door, and to ſit at the head of the table, he himſelf occupying the laſt. By this ingenious contrivance, the harmony and good humour of the company was reſtored. The building was then named *John-o'-Groat's Houſe*; and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place ſtill retains the name, and deſerves to be remembered for the good intentions and good ſenſe that gave it origin.

Account *of* Alnwick Castle, *the Seat of the Duke of Northumberland.*

[*From Warner's 'Tour through the Northern Counties.'*]

Alnwick-caſtle is an immenſe building, crowning a lofty mound, the outward walls including an extent of five acres. The hoſtile purpoſes for which it was originally erected are pointed out by the ſingular ornaments that ſurmount its turrets; figures in ſtone as large as life, repreſenting combatants in every ſituation of military defence, ſome in the act of heaving down ſtones on the aſſailants, others of diſcharging arrows, wielding battle-axes, and caſting javelins. Early in the Saxon times (if not whilſt the Romans con-

tinued in that kingdom) Alnwick-caſtle appears to have been built, though not upon its preſent extenſive ſcale; nor was its importance ſufficient to entitle it to hiſtorical record till the Norman æra, when, in the reign of Rufus, Malcolm III. loſt his life in attempting to poſſeſs himſelf of it. Already had the garriſon conſumed all their proviſions; and, diſpirited with hunger and hopeleſs of ſuccour, were on the point of beating a ſurrender, when a gallant ſoldier, named Hamond, determined to make an effort for the ſalvation of his comrades. Armed *cap-a-piè*, and bearing the keys of the caſtle on the point of his ſpear, he rode towards the Scottiſh camp, as if to preſent them to the king. Malcolm, delighted with the unexpected event, ran haſtily out of his tent unarmed to receive them; when Hamond ſuddenly drawing his dagger, plunged it into the monarch's heart, and, clapping ſpurs to his horſe, ruſhed into the river, ſwam the ford, and eſcaped into the caſtle. The death of Edward, the eldeſt ſon of the deceaſed king (who, in the bitterneſs of anguiſh, expoſed himſelf incautiouſly to the weapons of the garriſon, in order to revenge the murder of his father), completed their triumph, and inſured their ſafety; for the Scotch army, in deſpair at their twofold loſs, quitted the ſiege, and marched directly home. But the laurels of Caledonia were doomed to experience another rude blow before the towers of Alnwick-caſtle; where, in the twelfth century, her king William III. ſurnamed the Lion, was taken priſoner while laying ſiege to it; and condemned to deplore his ill ſucceſs in a priſon of Normandy, whither he was ſent to king Henry II.

Situated ſo near thoſe ſcenes of perpetual animoſity and bloodſhed, the bordering countries, Alnwick-caſtle partook largely of the confuſion which characteriſed that diſtrict, until the advancement of James I. to the Engliſh throne created a ſort of union between the two countries, which leſſened the frequency, and weakened the violence, of the contentions on the borders. Its annals record a variety of military adventures, of which it was the theatre; but none more remarkable than the removal of a whole garriſon, conſiſting of three hundred Lancaſtrians, to the extreme diſappointment and ſurpriſe of the army of Yorkiſts, who were inveſting the fortreſs, with the certainty of its falling into their hands. Margaret, unconquerable by diſaſter, after the loſs of the battle of Towton, loſing all regard for her own perſonal ſafety in her anxious care for her adherents, engaged George Douglas earl of Angus in the deſperate attempt of removing the garriſon from Alnwick, in the face of the enemy's forces. Advancing with a large body of Scotch horſe, he drew up in order of battle before the Engliſh, who immediately made arrangements for the conflict. Whilſt they were entirely engaged in theſe preparations, Douglas drew up a ſelect body of the ſtouteſt troopers to a back gate, out of which the garriſon iſſued: and each ſoldier, mounting behind a horſeman, rode off ſecurely from the caſtle; concealed from the ſight of the Engliſh by the intervening array. Douglas, having effected his purpoſe, drew off his forces in good order, leaving the aſſailants at liberty to take poſſeſſion of the deſerted fortreſs.

In its preſent ſplendid ſtate, fitted up at the immenſe expence of two hundred thouſand pounds, Alnwick-caſtle can afford but a faint idea of its appearance in the feudal ages; when it was dark and inconvenient, with every thing contrived for ſecurity, and nothing done for the ſake of elegance. Under its preſent highly improved form, however, it muſt be

confeſſed, that every thing has been made as congruous to ancient *coſtume* as poſſible; and all within and without the manſion point out the judgment as well as taſte of Meſſrs. Adams and Paine, who were employed to regenerate this magnificent place. The dwelling apartments form a caſtellated fabric, raiſed upon an artificial mound in the centre of the incloſed area. Theſe conſiſt of the *ſtate bed-chambers*, magnificently fitted up; the grand *ſtair-caſe*, ſingular but beautiful in plan, expanding like a lady's fan, and ornamented with a chain of eſcutcheons running round the cornices, diſplaying one hundred and twenty quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family; the *ſaloon*, an apartment forty-two feet long, thirty-ſeven feet wide, and twenty high; the *'drawing-room*, a large oval, forty-ſeven feet by thirty-five, and twenty-two high; the *dining-room*, fifty-four feet by twenty, finiſhed in a ſtyle of Gothic, ſuperlatively beautiful; the *library*, ſixty-four feet long, and twenty-three feet wide, in the ſame happy and appropriate manner; and the *chapel*, an apartment in which expence has reached its utmoſt limits. It is fifty feet long, twenty-one wide, and twenty-two high, and preſents ſuch a dazzling picture of Gothic decoration as is not, perhaps, to be equalled in the kingdom. The great window of York Minſter has been choſen as the model of the eaſtern one, the ceiling of King's College chapel for the pattern of the coving, and the painting and gilding of the mouldings and ſtucco are taken from thoſe of the great church at Milan. We regretted that ſome of the ornaments were not as appropriate as elegant, and did not ſuſpect ourſelves of Puritaniſm, when we found our minds revolt at a ſumptuous marble ſarcophagus, dedicated to the memory of the lateducheſs, and inſcribed with her thouſand titles, ſerving the purpoſe of *an altar*; and ſaw the walls of the apartment covered with armorial bearings, and genealogical tables of the illuſtrious family in whoſe poſſeſſion the manſion has been ſo long, and at preſent is. It is not indeed the only inſtance in which we find religion and heraldry aſſociated; but certainly the frequency of its occurrence can never make the *humility* of the *creature* and the *pride* of the *noble* congruous with each other.

The park of Alnwick, though for the moſt part naked of large timber, and borrowing almoſt all its ſhade from the plantations of the laſt duke, offers occaſionally ſome very fine views, as well as a pleaſant ride round its boundary, which extends thirteen miles through a tract of country wiſely applied to agricultural purpoſes, inſtead of being waſted in a deer-range. Not that it wants its ornaments; a pleaſing one of ancient days, Hulne-abbey, founded in 1240 for Carmelite-friars, by Ralph Friſburn, is ſeen in the bottom, watered by the little river Aln, that flows through the park; and a grand modern Gothic tower, called Briſley's-tower, of a circular form, one hundred feet high, crowns the ſummit of a hill, and affords a view of wonderful extent, including many auguſt objects in a clear day.—Edinburgh-caſtle to the northward; Tyneworth-caſtle, in an oppoſite direction; Bamborough and Warkworth-caſtles to the eaſtward; and the long line of the Grampian and Cheviot hills, and their circumjacent waſtes, the ſcene of that great hunting of old, whoſe bloody termination has been recorded in the well-known popular ballad of 'Chevy chace;' a tract formerly famous for game and timber, but now equally bare of wood, and deſpoiled of ſtags and roes.

On our return to Alnwick from

the park, we paſſed a little free-ſtone monument, with an inſcription upon it that commemorates the ſpot and the nature of William the king of Scotland's diſaſter and ſhame:

'William the Lion, king of Scotland, beſieging Alnwick-caſtle, was here taken priſoner 1174.'

Another monument of former warfare occurs near the town, on the road to Belford—a beautiful croſs, with the following inſcription, which points out the occaſion of its erection:

'Malcolm III. king of Scotland, beſieging Alnwick-caſtle, was ſlain here Nov. 13, anno 1093. King Malcolm's-croſs, decayed by time, was reſtored by his deſcendant Eliza ducheſs of Northumberland, 1774.'

Alnwick itſelf has little beauty, being ſtraggling and irregular. A few veſtiges of its former walls are viſible, and the late duke's magnificence is manifeſted in ſome modern public edifices in the Gothic ſtyle. The cuſtoms of this borough were formerly many and curious; one only remains now, but ſufficiently ſingular in its nature to be mentioned. The candidate for the few exiſting rights attaching to a freeman in this diſuſed borough has to paſs through a purgatory little leſs alarming than the initiatory rites to the greater myſteries of *Eleuſis*; clad in a white garment, he is led to a little ſtream which runs acroſs a road on the town-moor, anciently called the Foreſt of Aidon, whoſe waters are deepened for the purpoſe by a dam thrown acroſs them, and bottom rendered as unequal and rugged as poſſible, by holes being dug, and ſtones caſt therein. All theſe accommodating arrangements are made by a man who lives near the ſtream, and exacts five ſhillings from each of the freemen for his trouble. Through this water, without the aid of ſtick or ſtaff, the candidate is to find his way; and, provided he effect this without breaking his legs, he is then condemned to an *equeſtrian* adventure equally perilous; to ride round the manor, after changing his clothes, accompanied by two of the oldeſt inhabitants of the borough as his guides, a diſtance of ten miles, over a road rugged with precipices, deformed with bog, and obſtructed with briar. If he do all this, *and live*, he becomes a freeman of Alnwick.

ANECDOTE.

THE manor of Broadwater formerly belonged to the family of the Camois, who flouriſhed from the time of Edward I. until the ſixteenth century. A ſingular anecdote is recorded of ſir John Camois, who, by a deed regularly executed, 'of his own free will, gave and demiſed his *wife Margaret*, to ſir William Painel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and other appendages, to have and to hold during the term of her natural life!' This inſtance of packing off a wife, bag and baggage, ſhews that pope Gregory was not miſtaken when he wrote to Lanfranc, archbiſhop of Canterbury, that he had 'heard there were certain perſons in Scotland, who not only *forſook* but *ſold* their wives, whereas in England they *gave* and *granted* them away.'

MATILDA; *a* DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 346.)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Count d'Orlheim, Ernest, Herman, Matilda, Amelia, Louisa, Philip, two Servants.

[The scene is the same saloon as before. Matilda, who has just been rescued from the hands of ruffians who had seized her, is seated in an arm-chair, pale and disordered; her eyes are turned, with fear and uneasiness, on her father; her attitude is supplicatory, and her looks and gestures implore pity. Amelia is standing near her, and affectionately attentive to her. Louisa, on her knees before Matilda, holds one of her hands, which she kisses with tenderness. Philip stands by the side of Louisa, with a countenance expressive of joy when he looks on Matilda, and of inquietude when he turns to Count d'Orlheim. Herman stands near the Count, and, when the latter looks on his daughter, makes a motion to lead him to her. Ernest, placed between his uncle and his cousin, endeavours, but with delicacy and address, to engage the attention of Matilda. Count d'Orlheim, when unobserved, fixes his eyes on his daughter, and appears even desirous to advance towards her, but stops, turns from her, and seems not to notice her.—It is night: some wax-candles are on the table; and at the bottom of the stage are servants, still armed, and bearing flambeaux.]

Herman (to Count d'Orlheim). You were in danger, and I could not share it with you.

Count d'Orlheim (pointing to Ernest). There is he who saved us all. He overpowered Wodmar, the audacious Wodmar, whom I continually sought; but who appeared to shun me to attack only my nephew—my friend!—(*Looking at Matilda with attention, and speaking to Ernest*). Brave youth! you know not how much I owe to you! (*Seems to check himself, as if fearing he had said too much.*)

Ernest. I have done only my duty. (*Turns to Matilda with tender attention*). Are you somewhat recovered from the alarm which such an event ——?

Matilda (looking first at Ernest and then at her father; but at the latter always with timidity, and in a suppliant attitude). You may easily imagine what impression my heart must still retain. But the sentiment of what I owe to you—gratitude—alleviates all the uneasiness I cannot but feel from my situation.—(*She perceives the hand of Ernest wrapped in a handkerchief which is bloody*). What is that?—Blood!—You are wounded?

Count d'Orlheim (eagerly) Wounded?

Ernest. Oh, it is nothing!—nothing whatever.

Count d'Orlheim. But it must not be disregarded—it may be dangerous. We must ——

Ernest. It is a mere scratch—not worth the trouble.

Matilda (taking the wounded hand of Ernest, and in a tone of the utmost tenderness). Wounded for me!

Ernest (in a low voice, not to be heard by Count d'Orlheim). Delight of my heart!—(*With ardent expression*). And may you be happy!

Count d'Orlheim. Where is the insolent Wodmar, and his cowardly accomplices?

Philip. They have separated:—my comrades, all well armed, are gone in pursuit of them.

Count d'Orlheim. It will soon be day. Herman, you will repair to the next town. I shall rely on you to take proper measures with respect to these ruffians. But I do not see Charles. When we came up with these rascals, he appeared to me to remain at a distance.

Philip. He retreated some steps it is true. Perhaps he was afraid: all persons are not courageous alike. Indeed we had warm work. To do him justice, however, he soon recovered himself, and then he fought like a lion.

Count d'Orlheim (*looks on Matilda with an air of tenderness, approaches her, and seems about to take her hand; but suddenly stops, sighs, and after a moment's pause, advances to Madame Walstein, with visible emotion*). Madame Walstein, return to your apartment —with—your young friend—(*Much agitated*) Take care—take the greatest care of her, I conjure you.—Whatever may happen—whatever distance may separate us—be assured that I shall always interest myself in your fortune, as well as in her happiness. Leave me.

Matilda (*mournfully*). My fate is not changed!

[*Exeunt all but Count d'Orlheim.*

SCENE II.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

[*Throwing himself into an arm-chair, and, after some moments' silence*—]

Too cruel and lasting remembrance of injured love! wilt thou ever prevent my happiness? Where am I? Whither shall I go? Whither carry my grief and distress, the disorder of my ideas, and the struggles that rend my heart?

SCENE III.

Count d'Orlheim; Charles, entering pale and agitated.

Count d'Orlheim. What do you want? Leave me.

Charles. Sir, I entreat you to listen to me a moment. I come to request——

Count d'Orlheim. What? What can I do? What do you wish?

Charles. That you would punish me as I deserve: I have committed a heinous crime.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you done?

Charles. I have furnished Mr. Wodmar with the means of acting as he has done. I gave him the key of the park; and, had it not been for me, he never would have attempted——

Count d'Orlheim. What motive could induce you to commit an act so base?

Charles. I thought you hated your daughter. I saw that you had abandoned her, and that another would receive her inheritance. You had driven her from your presence. She was without support, without aid; and I hoped that Mr. Wodmar would repair the wrongs she had suffered from you. The manner in which you have acted this night proves to me that I was mistaken. I have committed a crime, supposing that I performed a good action. I am not, however, the less culpable; and I come to submit myself to the punishment I deserve.

Count d'Orlheim (*after a moment of agitation and silence*). Since what you have done has been from friendship, from regard to Matilda—Go—I pardon you.

Charles. You pardon me! Ah, sir! now that you have shewn kindness to our good and amiable mistress, your dear daughter—now that you are a good father—I would lay down my life for you. We would all lay down our lives for you. Ah, sir! nothing was wanting but that!

Count d'Orlheim (*with great emotion*). Go; go, I tell you. Leave me.

[*Charles seizes his hand, kisses it several times with ecstasy, and goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

Count d'Orlheim alone.

What an influence has she obtained over all about me! She has gained every heart! Shall mine alone be insensible to her? Alas, her mother was guilty! But she is

innocent. She believes that ſhe is my daughter; and, notwithſtanding the rigour with which I have treated her, her affection for me, her reſpect and her gentle patience have never failed. Ought not her youth, as well as her virtues, and even her misfortune, to engage my regard and my love? D'Orlheim, ceaſe to hate. Hatred is a fearful torment. Adopt this child by whom thou art ſo tenderly beloved, and whom thou canſt not view with an indifferent eye. In defect of the rights of blood, obtain thoſe which benefactions beſtow. Let her appertain to thee at leaſt by gratitude, and beſtow on thyſelf that happineſs which nature has refuſed thee! Matilda, thou haſt conquered. It is not in vain that thy filial piety has combated againſt honour which repulſed thee, and againſt the remembrance of an injury of which thou wert not guilty! I will be thy ſupport, thy benefactor, thy friend, and thou ſhalt render my laſt days happy. Heavens! whom do I ſee?

SCENE V.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Count d'Orlheim. Vile raviſher! dareſt thou ——?

Wodmar. Be calm.

Count d'Orlheim. Thy audacity!

Wodmar. No exclamations.

Count d'Orlheim. What is your intention? Recollect that I am ſurrounded by faithful domeſtics, who will loſe their lives in my defence, and at the ſlighteſt ſignal——

Wodmar. Beware how you give it.

Count d'Orlheim. Do you mean to attempt my life?

Wodmar. Your life! Gracious Heaven! Are you not the father of Matilda?

Count d'Orlheim. What, then, is your intention?

Wodmar. To end your ſufferings; to reveal to you a fearful myſtery, or to die at your feet, if you are ſo imprudent as to refuſe to hear me, to reject the happineſs I come to offer you, and the tranquillity I wiſh to reſtore to your heart. Thoſe domeſtics who ſhould come at your ſignal, and whom you directed to watch me, overpowered with fatigue, are ſunk in ſleep. I have ſeized the opportunity, and brought with me their arms—(*he ſhews two piſtols*); and, if you are inflexible, I will ſnatch myſelf from the ignominious death you have forced me to merit. Liſten to me, I conjure you: it is concerning Matilda that I wiſh to ſpeak to you, for the laſt time.

Count d'Orlheim (*after a moment's ſilence*). Speak.

Wodmar. I aſked of you her hand.

Count d'Orlheim. I refuſed it, and it was my duty to refuſe it.

Wodmar. You hate her?

Count d'Orlheim. No.

Wodmar. You abandoned her; you drove her from your houſe.

Count d'Orlheim. Yet I ſuffered more than ſhe.

Wodmar. You deprived her of fortune, connections, tranquillity, and happineſs: I wiſhed to reſtore her to all theſe.

Count d'Orlheim. By a crime.

Wodmar. I come to repair it. Beſtow on me your daughter; call me your ſon-in-law, and I will reſtore to you for ever tranquillity and happineſs.

Count d'Orlheim. What have you dared to aſk? You! the ſon of Wodmar! Shall Matilda become your wife? Unhappy man! Guilt ſurrounds you! Were I but to ſpeak a word———

Wodmar. Speak, I can hear, and I can anſwer to all you mean to ſay.

Count d'Orlheim. Well, then, to ſave you an eternal remorſe, ſince I muſt reveal to you my ſhame—— Matilda———

Wodmar. Proceed.

Count d'Orlheim. Is your ſiſter.

Wodmar. My ſiſter! And you have ſo believed? This, then, was the cauſe of your averſion from her, of your contempt, and her misfortunes? The moment is arrived to open your eyes. A falſe honour, a fatal prejudice, forbade me to ſpeak. Virtue, humanity, love, have at length compelled me to break ſilence. Count d'Orlheim, I throw myſelf at your feet. Pardon a ſon who could not reſolve to make known his father's diſhonour. Pardon me for wiſhing to avoid the ſhame of revealing a myſtery of iniquity of which my father was the author, and of which thy heart was the victim—(*He lays his piſtols on the table before Count d'Orlheim*). There are my arms; I place myſelf in your power; diſpoſe of my fate. But read—(*He preſents a letter*)—Read this letter which my father when dying gave into my hands, the proof of his repentance, and of the innocence of all that was dear to thee. Had I obeyed his laſt commands, I ſhould have given you this paper a twelvemonth ſince; but a falſe pride, and a culpable reſpect for the memory of my father, induced me to conceal it. Remorſe now compels me to ſurrender it.

Count d'Orlheim (taking the letter with evident agitation). Yes, I recogniſe his hand. What am I about to read?—(*Reads*)—'I die, and all is at an end with me: nothing remains but remorſe. Pardon!—Pardon me, d'Orlheim! If you forgive, perhaps an avenging Deity may pardon me likewiſe. D'Orlheim, open thy eyes; know the whole extent of my crime—know at length thy Caroline—She was innocent.'—(*Starts, and with a loud exclamation*) Innocent!—(*Continues to read, while as he proceeds his voice faulters, and tears almoſt prevent his utterance*).—'We both ſolicited her hand, and you were preferred. I meditated a dreadful revenge, and I executed it. When about to ſet out on a journey, you wiſhed to take with you the portrait of your lady. It was not to be found: I had ſurreptitiouſly obtained poſſeſſion of it. You returned; and this ſame portrait, together with a letter accompanying it, which I had cauſed to fall into your hands, produced the fearful effect I had expected from it. The virtuous Caroline appeared to you diſhonoured. You baniſhed her from your ſight. You became eſtranged to your daughter—to your own blood;—you curſed her who ought to have been deareſt to your heart. I die——'

[*Count d'Orlheim ſinks into a chair, overpowered by his feelings, and fainting.*]

Wodmar (claſping Count d'Orlheim in his arms). Gracious Heaven!—Charles! Philip! Erneſt!

Scene VI.

Wodmar, Count d'Orlheim, Philip, Herman.

Philip (eagerly). He has eſcaped us. Ah, here he is!

Herman (running in). Whence are theſe cries? Wodmar, you here—and in this ſituation!

Count d'Orlheim (ſlowly recovering, looks round him, ſees Wodmar on his knees before him, embraces and raiſes him, and exclaims with a feeble voice), My daughter!—Where is my daughter?—Bring me Matilda!—Let me embrace my daughter!

Herman. Bleſſed change! Now are you indeed my noble and virtuous maſter!

[*He goes out haſtily to fetch Matilda. Philip likewiſe goes out by the door at the bottom of the ſtage.*]

Scene VII.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar.

Wodmar (preſſing the Count in his arms). Recollect yourſelf; reſume your good ſenſe and fortitude.

Count d'Orlheim. The extreme of misfortune may be ſupported: it is

more difficult to endure exceſſive happineſs. I ſee my daughter!

SCENE VIII.—AND LAST.

Count d'Orlheim, Wodmar, Matilda entering with Amelia, Herman, and Erneſt:—Louiſa, Philip, Charles, Bloume, and other domeſtics, enter by the door at the bottom of the ſtage.

Count d'Orlheim (riſing to meet Matilda). My daughter!—my dear daughter!

Matilda (eagerly throwing herſelf into his arms). Do you grant me that name?

Count d'Orlheim. Come to my arms!—Let me preſs thee to my heart.—Preſs me to thine.

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Oh, repeat that name ſo dear!—let me hear it again from thoſe adored lips!

Matilda. My father!

Count d'Orlheim. Pardon me my unjuſt ſeverity; pardon me the tears I have made you ſhed. I aſk your forgiveneſs; may I obtain it, my daughter?

Matilda. Oh, I am in your arms! You love me!—I can no longer remember that I ever was unhappy.

Count d'Orlheim (after having tenderly embraced Matilda, turning to Amelia). To you, affectionate friend of my virtuous Caroline———

Amelia (with an eager expreſſion of joy). Is, then, her innocence proved?

Count d'Orlheim. Yes, yes; ſatisfactorily proved.—(*Pointing to Wodmar*) Dear Matilda, it is to him that you owe your father; to him I owe my daughter. He ſolicits your hand. But your happineſs is dependent, and you alone muſt determine. Pronounce——

Matilda (turning pale and confuſed). I!——

Erneſt (aſide, and alarmed). Gracious Heaven!

Count d'Orlheim. A word is ſufficient.

Matilda (with a faultering voice). Oh, my father!

Erneſt. I am loſt!

Count d'Orlheim. What is this?

Wodmar. Reſume your courage, Erneſt. Dear Matilda, fear nothing more from me.—(*To Count d'Orlheim*) You now know a ſecret which I had diſcovered, but which I endeavoured to conceal from myſelf. Secure for ever the happineſs of Erneſt and Matilda. Thus I ought to expiate my errors: thus may I become reconciled to myſelf. They ſhall ceaſe to hate me; you ſhall eſteem me; and my heart, at leaſt, ſhall not have loſt every generous ſentiment.

Count d'Orlheim (preſſing the hand of Wodmar, in token of approbation, and turning towards Matilda). Is this the truth, Matilda? Does your heart prefer Erneſt?

Matilda. I was unacquainted with the merits of Mr. Wodmar. I muſt now admire and eſteem his generoſity.

Count d'Orlheim (to Erneſt). And you, my ſon, who ſo lately refuſed to confeſs—

Erneſt. How could I dare to avow, even to myſelf, a ſentiment which my ſituation muſt degrade in the eyes of the world?

Count d'Orlheim. Nothing can degrade him whoſe conſcience does not accuſe him. I have always called you my ſon, and I wiſh not to diſcontinue the appellation. Receive all that is moſt dear to me. I give thee Matilda.

Matilda and Erneſt (kneeling to Count d'Orlheim). Oh, my father!—my father!

Amelia, Herman, Louiſa, Philip, and the other domeſtics. Now we are all happy!

Count d'Orlheim (to Wodmar, taking him aſide). The tomb is a ſacred aſylum which vengeance and hatred ought to reſpect. (*He gives him the two letters; that which was in the*

port-folio, and that he had received from him). I forgive thy father. I will ſpare his memory; and, with reſpect to all that is paſt, my heart promiſes thee an eternal ſecreſy.

Wodmar. You ſhall find me worthy of a conduct ſo noble. Erneſt, enjoy your felicity. Lovely Matilda! deign, ſometimes, to remember him by whoſe means you are rendered happy. I ſhall not entirely be deſtitute of happineſs, ſince I have been able to beſtow it on you. [*Exit.*

Count d'Orlheim. Let the day, which is now dawning, ſhed its beams on your marriage and my happineſs—O my ſon!—O my daughter!—I have no longer a Caroline—no longer an adored wife—But I am ſtill a father. [*The curtain falls.*

The History *of* Albano, *a noble* Venetian.

No one acquainted with the Venetian ſtate, previous to the ſeizure of Venice by the French, and the ſubſequent ſurrender of it to Auſtria, can be a ſtranger to the exceſſive jealouſy of its government: and the ſecreſy and celerity with which perſons (ſuſpected only of intermeddling in ſtate-affairs) were puniſhed, have peculiarly marked the judicial adminiſtration of that famous republic.

The injuſtice often occaſioned by this mode of proceeding, cannot fail to excite in our boſoms the livelieſt indignation, and at the ſame time cauſe us to reflect with pleaſure on being born in a country where the guilty alone have reaſon to fear, and innocence is ſure of protection and ſecurity.

The hiſtory of Albano, a young nobleman of Venice, who lived about the middle of the ſixteenth century, furniſhes an affecting inſtance of the cruelty ariſing from the jealouſy of the Venetian government. Endowed with the ſtricteſt integrity and happieſt talents, he was beloved and eſteemed by the patricians, and almoſt idoliſed by the people. But, notwithſtanding his rank, his unblemiſhed character, his ſignal achievements in defence of his country, and his unwearied exertions for her welfare, Albano incurred the ſuſpicion of concerting meaſures againſt the ſtate; a ſuſpicion which his too delicate, or rather romantic, ſenſe of honour prevented him from clearing up, and ſubjected him to a diſgrace and puniſhment more intolerable even than death itſelf.

It was obſerved by one of the ſpies that, conſtantly, about the hour of midnight, Albano, muffled up in his cloak, with the moſt ſtudious care, entered the houſe of the French ambaſſador. By the rigid laws of Venice, no nobleman was allowed to viſit a foreign miniſter, unleſs on ſome well known buſineſs, and by permiſſion of the ſenate; ſo apprehenſive were they leſt any innovation ſhould be planned, or any change of the conſtitution be attempted.

The myſterious manner in which Albano repeatedly viſited the envoy's houſe could not, therefore, fail of attracting the moſt curious attention of the vigilant ſpies of the Venetian government; and his conduct was ſoon reported to the illuſtrious magiſtrate, the boſom-friend, as it happened, of Albano. Surpriſed at the relation, and with all the anxiety which the moſt ardent friendſhip could excite, Friuli heſitated to believe the account, though minutely and circumſtantially delivered; and, to be aſſured of its truth or falſehood, directed a faithful agent of his own to watch the footſteps of the unſuſpecting Albano. At the expiration of ſome days, he received a confirmation of theſe nightly viſits, and of the ſecret and diſguiſed manner in which they were always made.

Agitated by the most painful sensations for his friend's situation, but at the same time remembering the duties he owed to the state, the mind of Friuli became the prey of the deepest sorrow and distraction.

Still unwilling to believe that the beloved companion of his earliest days, the friend of whose honour and patriotism he had ever entertained the most exalted idea, the ornament of the state, and the idol of the people, could harbour even a thought inimical to his country, he resolved, before the execution of those laws he was sworn to maintain, to be himself a witness of the criminal visits imputed to Albano.

Too soon was he convinced that the relations he had received were well founded; for several successive nights, at the most silent hour, in the most studied concealment of dress, did he observe Albano approach the house of the French resident; and, on a signal given, admitted into it with the utmost precaution and secresy.

The welfare of the republic, the high sense of the duties with which he was invested, and incontrovertible proof he had himself obtained, would not permit Friuli longer to delay calling on the transgressor of the laws to answer for his misconduct, or explain his mysterious behaviour. Friuli's patriotism, glowing and sincere, impelled him to struggle against those feelings, which friendship eagerly and anxiously suggested, and severely did he suffer from this conflict. With the sharpest anguish, he beheld his dearest friend exposed to the unrelenting vengeance of the severest laws, and his soul sickened within him at the dreadful prospect of the event. Stifling, however, all sensations which opposed the interests of his country, he determined faithfully to discharge the duties of his office.—Having passed a melancholy and sleepless night, the next morning his orders were issued for convening the supreme council, and his warrant for apprehending the unfortunate Albano. These orders were punctually and speedily obeyed; and Friuli prepared himself to appear before the council, and disclose the facts which constituted his accusation.

The council, composed of the noblest, wisest, and most venerable Venetians, bore on their countenances the impression of the profoundest grief, when they understood on whose fate they were to decide. An awful pause, a silence more expressive than eloquence itself, ensued. The eyes of all spoke most forcibly, but their tongues were mute.

Friuli, his whole frame trembling, his voice half-choaked by the rising tumults of his breast, broke the fearful silence by addressing the august assembly.

He began by observing, that he at once perceived the eyes of the whole council turned towards him, expressive of their astonishment and sorrow that Albano should be accused, and that he should be his accuser. 'Would to God,' exclaimed he in the bitterness of his soul, 'that I had perished ere I had seen this day!' He continued that, when he looked on that grave and honourable body of men whom he was then addressing, he was confident that he beheld in them the zealous and stedfast friends of the sacred constitution of Venice; those who would not only bravely defend it against all attacks from an open enemy, but with equal rigour and alacrity repel and punish every insidious endeavour secretly to impair or destroy it. In every other respect, he most humbly confessed he was their inferior; but in the love of his country, in unabated zeal for its prosperity, in inflexible rigour against its enemies, he proudly declared he could yield

to no one; and, while the big drops ſtarted into his eyes, added, *that* day would confirm what he had aſſerted, and prove it not the oſtentatious language of vanity.

They beheld, he obſerved, at their bar, *him* who was once the ornament of the republic, the brighteſt example of all that was excellent or great, the honoured and beloved companion of their councils, not only accuſed of having actually violated the laws of Venice, but labouring under a heavy ſuſpicion of concerting meaſures hoſtile to her ſecurity. And by whom accuſed? By one whoſe life would have been cheerfully devoted to preſerve *him* whom he accuſes; by one, who, had he liſtened only to the voice of friendſhip, muſt have ſheltered him from the purſuit of juſtice, and ſhielded him from her uplifted ſword; by one who, in vindicating the laws of his country, yielded up at once the peace and happineſs of his future days. 'Oh, my country!' cried the wretched Friuli, 'what do I not ſacrifice to thy welfare or to thy ſafety? I offer up, as a victim, the friend of my boſom, the far better part of myſelf. A purer or brighter flame never burnt on the altar of friendſhip than that which warms my breaſt; but at thy call, my country! I ſtifle its influence, and extinguiſh every ſenſation which can interfere with thy ſecurity.'

He then entreated their pardon for the preſent diſtraction of his mind; and, endeavouring to repreſs the tumults of his agitated boſom, proceeded to lay before them the particulars of the tranſaction which formed the charge.

It was a long time, Friuli added, before he could be induced to give any credit to the information he had received, but the repeated nightly viſits of Albano were too certain. He obſerved that the mere going to the ambaſſador's houſe unauthoriſed was contrary to the eſtabliſhed laws; but when the unſeaſonable hour, the ſtudious concealment of dreſs, and the exceſſive caution uſed in the admittance, were conſidered, nothing leſs could ariſe than a moſt violent ſuſpicion of ſomething detrimental to the ſtate being in agitation. Notwithſtanding, however, this unfavourable light in which Albano ſtood, Friuli entreated of the council, that, in conſideration of his friend's former unblemiſhed character, and glorious ſervices to his country, they would permit him to offer any exculpatory matter, and hear him explain a tranſaction which, at preſent, they could view only in a criminal light.

He hoped the council would allow he had that day diſcharged the duty repoſed in him by the laws; and unequivocally evinced that no ſacrifice was in his eyes too great when required by the good of the ſtate. He again entreated them to bring back to their remembrance the obligations which Venice owed to the accuſed, for his exertions in her behalf at home and abroad. He concluded by exhorting them never to forget, that to temper juſtice with mercy was moſt pleaſing and acceptable in the ſight of Heaven.

The whole aſſembly were greatly affected by the addreſs of Friuli, whoſe conflict between duty and affection equally excited their pity and admiration. After a ſhort interval, Albano was called upon to anſwer to the charge which he had heard made againſt him: and, with a ſerene countenance, in a firm tone of voice, with equal modeſty, dignity, and grace, Albano began his addreſs to the council.

He aſſured them, that he *then* felt more for his accuſer, whom he was once permitted to call his friend, than he did for himſelf: that the

ſituation of Friuli was, and muſt be, more diſtreſſing than his own, let the iſſue of that day prove to him ever ſo diſaſtrous.

Of what had been alleged reſpecting his viſits to the ambaſſador's houſe, he freely admitted the truth; and if, in ſo doing, he had offended againſt any law, even though dormant or obſolete, he, of courſe, was ſubject to its penalty. But, he obſerved, that no guilt had been proved, or could be fixed on him for the fact, except it were connected with the ſuſpicion of his being engaged in concerting meaſures detrimental to the ſtate. It was a hard thing, he ſaid, to contend with ſuſpicions; facts could be anſwered, refuted, denied, or explained; but as to ſuſpicions, he knew not how to repel them otherwiſe than by requeſting of that aſſembly, to whom individually he had long been known, to look back on the tenor of his whole life, and to examine moſt ſtrictly and ſeverely whether, at any period of it, the ſmalleſt ground could be diſcovered to warrant a ſuſpicion of treachery in him. He modeſtly reminded them of his ſervices to the republic, that he had unremittingly laboured to promote its intereſt and exalt its glory. He invoked Heaven to witneſs, that neither in deed or thought had he ever conceived or formed any one meaſure unfriendly to the government, and as pure and immaculate toward his country did he at that moment ſtand as at any period of his life. He denied that a firmer friend to Venice, or a more ſtrenuous ſupporter of its conſtitution than himſelf exiſted.

He felt himſelf, he ſaid, ſo much ſupported by his own integrity and innocence, that he moſt cheerfully ſubmitted his cauſe, his honour, and his life, into the hands of that illuſtrious aſſembly; truſting they would, by their unanimous decree, efface from his character the blemiſh which had that day been caſt upon it, by the moſt unmerited ſuſpicions.

After ſhortly deliberating with the other members, the preſident informed Albano, that enough had been laid before the council to ſatisfy them that he had not only tranſgreſſed one of the fundamental laws of Venice, but acted in ſo queſtionable and myſterious a manner, as to render it indiſpenſable for him to account for his conduct, and diſcloſe its motives; to explain the real cauſe of his viſits to the French miniſter, and ingenuouſly confeſs the reaſon of his induſtrious endeavours to conceal them; that he had incurred very ſevere penalties by the fact which he had admitted; but that, in conſideration of his former ſervices, they were inclined to relax the rigour of the law, provided he would impart to them the true inducement to his ſecret viſits, from which they ſhould otherwiſe conclude that ſomething inimical to the government had been intended.

Albano thanked the council for their lenity and proffered favours; at the ſame time declaring he could not, with the approbation of his own heart, explain the particular circumſtances of his conduct. In the moſt animated language, and in the moſt ſolemn manner, he diſclaimed any deſign againſt the well-being of his country; and ended with aſſuring the aſſembly that, be the iſſue what it might, no power on earth ſhould wreſt from him his motives: on that ſubject he would preſerve the profoundeſt and moſt invincible ſilence.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to deſcribe the grief and aſtoniſhment of the whole aſſembly, on hearing this declaration; the cool tone and determined manner in which it was made, left them no reaſon to hope that any

thing would ever shake the resolution he just expressed.

Albano was ordered to withdraw. The council, after examining his conduct in every point of view, discovered in it much to blame, and more to suspect: his refusal to enter into any explanation of it, seemed to confirm the opinion of all, that something very criminal must be attached to it. Whatever their first prepossessions therefore might have been, they did not now hesitate to impute to him the crime of plotting against the safety of the state. The council had already departed widely from the general practice on similar occasions; and had, in consequence of his virtues and services, displayed a clemency seldom, if ever, exercised by the Venetian government.

Under that famous square in Venice, known by the name of St. Mark, are dungeons so deeply sunk as to be considerably below the level of the sea; through an aperture at the top, the wretched victim of state suspicion was let down, never more to return: through this his miserable and scanty food is conveyed; through this alone, the air, sluggish and damp from the massive and enormous arches raised over the opening, with difficulty works its way to support the hated existence of the devoted victim below.

Thus immured, carefully and cruelly prevented from availing themselves of all means of putting a period to this undescribable state of horrors, in total and almost palpable darkness, for ever cut off from the world, without the faintest or most distant hope of ever again seeing their friends, their families, their dearest connections, nay of ever more beholding any object on earth, these victims of suspicion endured torments far more agonising and exquisite than the most terrific death.

In one of these dreary cells was Albano condemned to pass the remainder of his days. The decree once past was irrevocable: the execution of it followed close; and, without being permitted to bid adieu to his relatives, his expecting family, his anxious friends—without any preparation for so dreadful an event, was this unhappy nobleman conveyed to those scenes of horror and of darkness; and, in the flower of his age, and the vigorous exercise of the most brilliant faculties, buried alive, and for ever shut out from the voice and sight of human kind.

Notwithstanding the secresy and dispatch with which this business was transacted, the populace of Venice soon felt the absence of their patron, their benefactor, their friend. Bred up in submission the most humble to their rulers, they dared not clamour for and demand their protector, nor even to murmur against those by whose means they had the strongest reasons to suppose they were deprived of him. But their sorrow was not less poignant or sincere because it was silent; the whole city ceased not to lament and deplore his fate.

The stern patriotism even of Friuli could not support him under the grief excited by the dreadful sentence. He contemplated with horror the situation to which he had reduced his much-loved friend.—The picture was too shocking for him to look on; the emaciated countenance of Albano, wherein were marked the deep lines of hopeless expectation, and the traces of approaching dissolution, constantly appeared to Friuli's imagination; the despair of his eye, the faint sweat on his brow, the convulsion of his altered features, and the just, though gentle, reproof from his dying lips, all passed in terrible review across his agitated mind, and forbade him to enjoy either repose at night or tranquillity by day. His health im-

paired, and his ſpirits worn down by unceaſing ſorrow and remorſe, he ſurvived but a ſhort time, and by his death proved that his friendſhip equalled in ſtrength and ſincerity his love and zeal for his country.

How long the ill-fated Albano dragged out his miſerable exiſtence in theſe regions of woe cannot be known. The moſt profound ſilence was ever preſerved on this occaſion, and no one dared to enquire after the fate of the priſoner, or ventured even to name him.

Many years had elapſed after the period of Albano's confinement, when a prieſt was called to adminiſter ſpiritual conſolation to a lady at Paris, in her laſt moments, and to perform thoſe offices which her religion taught her to require. Among other matters which the dying Adelaide diſcloſed to her confeſſor, was the following incident: that, nearly twenty years before, ſhe had reſided at Venice, in the houſe of the French ambaſſador, accompanying his wife thither, to whom ſhe was related, and whoſe friendſhip ſhe had poſſeſſed from her earlieſt age; that, during her abode there, ſhe became acquainted with a young Venetian, of whoſe title ſhe was ignorant, but of ſuperior birth and quality; that his perſonal accompliſhments, united with the charms of his converſation, ſubdued her heart; and, though ſhe had unwarily yielded up her honour, yet every ſucceeding day ſeemed to add to their paſſion, and ſtrengthen their attachment; that, as he could not unite himſelf to her by the bonds of marriage, without degradation, the moſt private mode of viſiting her was adopted, and, through the aſſiſtance of a faithful domeſtic, he was conſtantly introduced into the houſe at the hour of midnight; but that ſuddenly, without any information whatever, he ceaſed to come to her; that, diſtracted by a thouſand conjectures and fears, her health began daily and viſibly to decline, upon which it was thought adviſeable that ſhe ſhould return to her native country, where ſhe at length regained her health, though never her tranquillity.

Adelaide, faint and exhauſted by the recital, had ſcarcely received the abſolution which ſhe implored, and by her ſincere penitence ſeemed to deſerve, when ſhe breathed her laſt ſigh.

Hence it became moſt apparent that the unfortunate Albano was innocent of every crime againſt his country: and that his viſits, which were conſtrued as proofs of his machinations againſt the ſtate, were made to a beautiful and beloved miſtreſs. He preferred enduring the miſeries of perpetual confinement in a dungeon (ſo horrible that the eye of the humane Howard was not allowed to explore it) to the riſk of expoſing to the reproachful voice of the world her whom he adored. In the admiration of his honourable ſpirit, his ardent love, his unſhaken fortitude, we may be allowed to forgive the indiſcretions of Albano; or, if we blame him for an error, to drop over his aſhes the tear of ſympathy and commiſeration.

EXTRACT *from the new* MUSICAL DRAMA, 'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

ACT II. SCENE I.

A terrace belonging to the caſtle on the borders of a lake. The mountain is ſeen on the right at a diſtance.

Enter Eugenia, Ninetta, and Theodore.

TRIO.

HASTE, glorious light with golden ray,
Deck with thy ſmiles the infant day.

Roseate morn at thy smiles,
What delight does nature prove!
But dearer far to me
Are the smiles of him I love.
Have ye heard the huntsman's horn?
No, not yet has it hail'd the breeze of morn.
Hark, 'tis the horn!

Theod. Yes, the sound of the horn seems to approach. The countess is returning from the chace. [*Exit.*

Eug. Is there no other cause, I wonder, for Theodore's anxiety, than his disappointment at the countess not returning so soon as expected? I think his heart is too susceptible not to have felt a tender impression. Yes, certainly, some of the pretty lasses in the neighbourhood have taught him to bow before the universal sway. Or is it that, conscious myself of the sweet tormenting passion, I look upon every one around me with suspicion? Heigho! Love is so universal a conqueror, that 'tis merely folly to oppose him.

SONG. Eugenia.

WHEN conquering Love assails the heart,
Alas! what can withstand the foe?
Let Prudence preach, let Reason frown,
Nought can avail—ah! no! no! no!
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Theodore.

Theod. How I am disappointed—the countess is certainly gone the other way to the castle.

[*As Theodore is going towards the castle, Fritz and Walter enter down the steps of the terrace, and come behind him.*]

Fritz. Young man!

Theod. Dear sir, you frighten me.

Fritz. Fear nothing—we will do you no harm.

Theod. What is it you would have, gentlemen?

Fritz. Go to the countess—tell her a poor traveller, who awaits her here, has information to disclose important to her welfare.

Theod. Very well, I will do so. (*Aside*) A poor traveller! They say one should not trust to appearances, and therefore I will not guess uncharitably. [*Going.*

Fritz. Stop a moment. (*Aside*) The more I look at him——

Theod. Pray let me be gone. I am in haste.

Fritz. What is your name?

Theod. (*aside*). He is very curious. (*To Fritz*) I should think my name cannot be interesting to you.

Fritz. It is plain we do not think so.

Theod. Well, gentlemen, adieu. I shall fulfil your commission.

Fritz. Stay, I command you.
[*Walter stops him.*

Theod. How you speak to me, sir! I assure you I am not accustomed to be treated thus.

Fritz. I have a right to speak to you thus. Hear me, and answer directly. Don't equivocate.

Theod. I scorn equivocation.

Fritz. Your name?

Theod. Theodore.

Fritz. Your age?

Theod. Near fifteen.

Fritz. Your parents?

Theod. I have none.

Fritz. None!

Theod. Alas! I knew them not. Can you inform me, sir, who they were?

Fritz. How long have you resided in this castle?

Theod. I came hither with the countess.

Fritz. Then you were not born in this country?

Theod. No, in Bavaria, as I am told.

Fritz (*aside*). It is he! not a doubt remains. Who has brought you up?

Theod. The countess. Having lost my parents at an early age, her ladyship was so good as to educate me.

Fritz. So good indeed! Does the

count, too, give you proofs of his goodness?

Theod. He behaves to me with affection. But, sir, may I not, without offence, enquire what interest can induce you to put all these questions?

Fritz. What interest! yours.

Theod. Mine!

Fritz. Yes: what will you think of her whose benevolence you praise, when you know that, having a son for whom she need not blush, she excludes him from the brilliant rank in which fortune has placed her? She involves his birth in mystery, and shuts her heart against her own offspring.

Theod. The countess Belfior is incapable of such conduct.

Fritz I will prove it to you. Her son, of whom I speak, is now before me.

Theod. Before you!

Fritz. Yes; it is yourself.

Theod. Oh, you would impose on me!

Fritz. I say, the countess Belfior is your mother: I know the fact. Her happiness demands that it should remain unknown. You are now master of the secret, and you may make your own use of it.

Theod. What, to afflict her! to render her unhappy! Could I be so ungrateful? But who are you, sir, who thus have the cruelty to disturb the happiness of one who never offended you?

Fritz. Go take my message to the countess, and forget not that you must speak to her in private.

Theod. Yet explain——

Fritz. Begone.

Theod. A word in pity—

Fritz. Hereafter I will explain, but now obey me.

Theod. The countess my mother! Can it indeed be so? Oh, if I desire to prove it true, it is that I may acquire a right to love her still more dearly. [*Exit.*

Fritz. You seem astonished, comrade.

Wal. I am indeed, comrade. I do not understand what service I am to perform, nor how my reward is to arise.

Fritz. You are to assist me, in case I should find any difficulty in taking possession of this estate which belongs to me.

Wal. This estate yours? I hope you'll prove it true; but how, then, can the estate belong to the countess?

Fritz. She is my wife.

Wal. The countess your wife?

Fritz. Yes; she is that Eliza Werner whom I told you I married sixteen years ago.

Wal. But how does it happen that she is now married to another?

Fritz. I, myself, contrived the marriage, having deceived her by forged proofs of my death. I had heard of the count's great wealth, and thought I might profit by it. But, see, she approaches; be near enough to overhear our conversation, and be ready to come forward in a moment if I should make a sign for your assistance. Retire.

[*Exit Walter.*

Enter the Countess.

Countess. This is the place where Theodore informed me I was to meet the stranger. Ah! *(perceiving Fritz)* what do I see?

Fritz. One, whose sudden appearance seems to give you great satisfaction.

Countess. Is it possible!

Fritz. Extremely well! Exhibit surprise, astonishment, despair!—all this is to be expected after your conduct.

Countess. My conduct!

Fritz. Are you not the wife of another?

Countess. Did not the proofs I received of—

Fritz. The plot is well imagined, I confess; but, remember, I am not to be duped by it.

Countess. What do you mean?

Fritz. I mean that you, informed, no doubt, of the unfortunate cause of my imprisonment, and flattering yourself that I could not escape death, contrived this ingenious tale, and fabricated these pretended proofs, that you might in security resign yourself to your new attachment.

Countess. Horrible accusation!

Fritz. But the courts of justice shall resound with my wrongs.

Countess. Sir!

Fritz. There your perfidy shall be proclaimed, and you condemned to punishment; despised by your illustrious husband, whom you have deceived———

Countess. No; I have never deceived him! I never will:—and if I hesitate for a moment to throw myself at his feet, and avow my wretched fate, it is because I cannot resolve to wound that benevolent heart which never imagined evil against any one.

Fritz. You fear for him, smooth dissembler! you do not fear for yourself?

Countess. No; I know my doom. Adversity has inured me to misfortune, and conscious innocence will enable me to bear it. One event alone can shed a faint gleam of comfort on my remaining days: my poor father still survives, but he has never forgiven my disobedience in marrying you. Grant me but a short respite, that I may once more sue for his mercy.

Fritz. My claims must be preferred instantly.

Countess. Do not yet kill him with your presence: he cannot long survive this discovery. Let me have his blessing before he dies. Consent to leave me. I beg on my knees—I supplicate you—in mercy hear me. [*Kneeling.*

Fritz. I will not listen to you.

Enter Eugenia from the castle.

Eug. The countess! Heavens! she is in sorrow! perhaps in danger! Help! help! [*Calling.*

Walter (comes forward). Be silent.

Countess. Eugenia, hush! My friend, you will ruin me.—(*To Fritz*) Consent to go while it is in your power, another moment and it may be too late.

Fritz. Yes, I go; for I now see I must prepare against the worst: but, within an hour, expect to see me again. [*Exeunt Fritz and Walter up the steps of the terrace.*]

Countess. Protector of the guiltless, in thee I trust!

Eug. My beloved sister, how is it with you?

Countess. Well, my dear Eugenia, I am once more myself. Let the storm come, the sacred wreath of innocence shall bind my brows—the lightning will not harm me.

Eug. The wretch who just now left you has seen Theodore. Has he discovered to the poor youth——?

Countess. I fear it; but of that I must be informed. Appoint Theodore to meet me in the castle instantly.

Eug. And what will you explain to him?

Countess. I know not yet: the moment must decide. I feel myself inspired with courage, which I hail as the auspicious omen of success. I am resolved to attempt this day once more to obtain my father's pardon.

Eug. Your father's pardon! Is he then still living?

Countess. Yes, and living on this estate. I have never yet explained to my beloved Belfior that Maurice is the baron Werner, my father. If I fail in obtaining the pardon of a parent, Belfior shall never know the secret; but if he blesses me with his forgiveness———

Eug. He cannot refuse it. But how did this strange event occur?

Countess. As the countess Belfior, I presented to him a farm, which now became mine. He offered excuses—I would hear of none; and I succeeded in possessing, in beholding every hour (but without daring to speak to him) that parent whose anger I have deserved, but for whose happiness I would gladly sacrifice my existence.

Eug. Angel as you are, Heaven will never desert you. See, the venerable Maurice approaches.

Countess. My father? Oh, Eugenia! my boasted fortitude sinks before his presence. I must retire to regain that temper of mind from which alone I may expect success. [*Exit.*

Enter Werner, leaning on Theodore's arm, followed by Ninetta.

Theod. You must be weary, good Maurice; lean on my arm. You won't hurt me. You have walked a long way.

Werner. Yes, dear Theodore! but it seemed a very short distance: the hope of meeting my worthy patron, the noble count Belfior, supported me. I felt no weariness till now I am disappointed of that satisfaction.

Eug. (coming forward). But you will soon have that satisfaction: the count has returned from the chace earlier than usual, that he might walk to the farm and see all your improvements, Maurice. I dare say, he will be there as soon as you.

Werner. I hope the cottage is decorated neatly to receive so illustrious a guest. You know, Ninetta, I am blind, and cannot attend to all this as I could wish.

Ninetta. Yes, it is indeed, sir; and Theodore has hung your sword over the fire-place.

Werner. Good boy, that was kind! Theodore, you shall have that sword at my death: it is all I have to leave you: this arm once could wield it! It has done service in its time; it has been drawn in the defence of my country.

Theod. I assure you, Maurice, your sword looks very handsome: I have polished the hilt, but the blade is so rusty.

Werner. Yes, and I remember well the cause: I wept over it when I lost my daughter; my sword was the only remaining mark of honour left to me.

Theod. Don't think of that loss, Maurice; it always makes you so melancholy.

Werner. I won't, I won't. I ought to lose the remembrance of my own misfortunes in the joy of hailing count Belfior's return. I will be cheerful—I will indeed, Theodore.

Theod. Eugenia wishes to speak to me. You won't take it unkind, if I now leave you to the care of Ninetta; you know she is very attentive to you.

Werner. She is! she is! and so are you! and so is the countess! You are all kind to me, except my own child! but I will be cheerful, Theodore; indeed, I will.

[*Exeunt Werner and Ninetta, Theodore and Eugenia, severally.*]

SCENE II. *An apartment in the castle.*

Enter Eugenia and Theodore.

Eug. Theodore, the countess wishes to meet you here immediately.

Theod. The countess! *why* does she desire me to meet her?

Eug. She will be alone.

Theod. And alone! Oh, my throbbing heart! Eugenia, if you love me, ease my anxious mind. I am on the rack of expectation. Who are my parents?

Eug. Theodore, you know I love and eſteem you.

Theod. Then in pity tell———

Eug. I would moſt willingly tell you any thing I know and ought to reveal; but if I am ignorant———

Theod. You are not ignorant—you will not ſay ſo.

Eug. Adieu! remember your appointment with the counteſs.

Theod. Eugenia———

Eug. Theodore———

DUET. Eugenia and Theodore.

Theod. How can you thus cruel, the ſecret concealing,
The proof I implore of affection deny?
Your love then revealing,
With kindneſs reply.

Eug. Dear Theodore, ſpare me—my love while poſſeſſing,
Such falſe proofs of friendſhip why will you demand?
Thus vainly diſtreſſing
The heart you command.

Theod. And yet what I aſk, to intreaty debarr'd.

Eug. My honour forbids me your ſuit to regard.

Theod. Ah! why thus reſiſting?
You muſt not deny.

Eug. In vain thus perſiſting,
I dare not comply.

[*Exit Eugenia.*

Enter the Counteſs.

Counteſs. What ſhall I ſay to Theodore, ſhould he be informed of the fatal ſecret? Theodore!

Theod. Madam!

Counteſs. Theodore, I would ſpeak with you.

Theod. (*aſide*). I tremble with expectation. What will ſhe ſay to me?

Counteſs (*with emotion*). Theodore, you are confuſed, embarraſſed: what is the cauſe? Why do you ſhrink from my preſence with this timid air? Why are your eyes caſt down? Raiſe them; look upon me: you know I ever look upon you with pleaſure.

Theod. (*with tenderneſs and timidity*). Indeed, madam! is it really ſo?

Counteſs. What, Theodore?

Theod. That—that you look upon me with pleaſure?

Counteſs. Have you any reaſon to doubt me?

Theod. I do not ſay ſo, but———

Counteſs. Has any one told you?

Theod. (*forgetting himſelf*). Yes, madam; I have been told ſuch a dear, delightful piece of news.

Counteſs (*aſide*). He knows all.—(*To him*) Yet this intelligence gives you much trouble.

Theod. Yes; for I cannot believe that I am indeed ſo very, very happy.

Counteſs (*aſide*). Poor child!

Theod. I fear you may be angry, and I would not for the world offend my dear, dear mother—(*recollecting himſelf*) my benefactreſs.

Counteſs. What can you think of your benefactreſs, if you believe ſhe will not rejoice in every cauſe for your happineſs?

Theod. Forgive me—oh, forgive me! my heart is very, very full.

Counteſs. Take courage, Theodore: proceed.

Theod. (*turning his eyes away from her*). I have been aſſured that my mother, whom I believed was no more, ſtill lives.

Counteſs. And, doubtleſs, ſhe has been repreſented to you in the moſt odious colours.

Theod. The mother who can ſtifle the voice of nature, and heſitate to acknowledge her child, muſt have ſtrong motives indeed for ſo painful a ſacrifice. Duty forbids me to accuſe her who gave me birth.

Counteſs. Noble-minded boy!—— [*Aſide.*

Theod. Ah, madam: would to Heaven, that I had indeed a mother! that I could behold her! be admitted to her preſence as I am now admitted to yours! thus would I throw myſelf at her feet! [*Falls on his knees.*

Counteſs (*agitated*). Theodore! what mean you?

Theod. I would whisper to her—'My mother, look on your son: behold his eyes suffused with love and tenderness. Hitherto you have withheld your caresses from me. Alas, you have not known your poor Theodore! Oh, let him prove his affection for you! Punish him no longer for a fault of which he is guiltless. Give him the only inheritance he wishes to claim—the only treasure that belongs to him—give him your heart!'

Countess. Theodore!

Theod. What mother could resist the voice of nature? Mine would open her arms to me.

Countess. My child! my child! [*Embracing him.*

Theod. Am I indeed your child?

Countess. Yes; I wished to conceal from you this fatal secret, the bane of your repose; but maternal tenderness tears it from my bosom. Yes, you shall know all.

Theod. No, my mother, I wish to know no more than that I have regained a parent; that she presses me to her breast; and that I am happy.

Countess. Theodore, you must have no reason to accuse me. You ought to know the motives which have decided me to conceal your birth in mystery; otherwise I might appear to you culpable, and I would have no reason to blush in the presence of my son. The person who spoke to you this morning in the park; that unhappy man, clad in the garb of wretchedness——

Theod. Yes; who is that man?

Countess. He is ——

Theod. Who?

Countess. Your father.

Theod. Is he my father?

Countess. You will now recollect how oft maternal tenderness has been on the point of wresting from my heart the secret of your birth: but I feared to destroy the precious illusion which formed your felicity, and perhaps mine. I feared that my son might curse the bonds by which nature attached him to me, when he should learn that he owes his birth to a being overwhelmed with crimes—lost to shame.

Theod. Alas, my mother!

Countess. Yes, Theodore, your father is—oh, if you knew!—but some one approaches: we must separate.

Theod. What, without one embrace?

Countess (embracing him). Bless you, my child! Adieu, dear Theodore; Continue your attentions to poor Maurice; I shall love you the better for it. [*Exeunt severally.*

[*** For a specimen of the SONGS, see POETRY.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(*With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.*)

FLOWERS are now worn on most of the head-dresses in hair. The fashion of turbans is returning: they are for the most part white, and many embroidered with silver or gold. The *aigrettes* called *esprits* are beginning to re-appear in front of the turbans. Very few black velvet hats are now seen.

The colours, amaranthus, rose, dark green, and apricot, may be considered as nearly equally in vogue.

The ribbands are, for the most part, flowered or striped.

Among the novelties may be reckoned the *toques* (caps) of white satin, having for ornament, on the right side, three white plumes, one above the other; or five plumes grouped.

Pearls and coral are the articles of jewellery most in vogue at present. Strings of pearls make part of the head-dresses in hair. The tops of the combs and the edges of the me-

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Decr. 1803.

PARIS DRESS.

dallions are ornamented with pearls. Two twisted strings of coral, round or cut with faces, form the large rings which now serve for ear-rings.

A bandeau *of pearls, with a* pelerin *of lace* (see the plate), though not as yet an established fashion, will probably acquire a certain degree of vogue. The accompanying head-dress has a simplicity suitable to the rest of the dress.

A diadem placed on a muslin veil (see plate) is now the order of the day with many ladies of the first *ton*. The diadem is usually formed of the flowers called *sensitives*. The ends of the sleeves and the corsage are plaited crosswise, precisely as in the figure.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Walking Dress.

MILITARY pelices and spencers are the prevailing habiliments among the dashers of the *haut ton*. The colours are pale blue, with black ornaments, or black velvet, with jet ornaments of the diamond. The above are considered as the most genteel. Green and scarlet are likewise worn; but they border too much on the *canaille*.

Morning Dress,

Of cambric, made short, with a number of tucks round the bottom, made high in the neck with a collar; long sleeves; the waist confined with a cord and tassel. Embossed cambric muslins will be much worn this season for morning dresses. The colours are dark.

Head Dresses.

Cap of entire lace, crossed on the right side with a Parisian wreath of pink and scarlet; from the left side there is an end which falls on the left shoulder. The hair curls in front, and a tuft of hair appears on the top of the head.

Large rolled turbans will be much worn this season, in compliment to the Mameluke chief.

The military bonnet of black velvet, ornamented with scarlet, or royal purple, with a small feather in front. Silver bear muffs and tippets are much worn.

Evening Dress.

Plain muslin dresses, with worked borders round the bottom, interspersed rows of lace, and sleeves to match; plain fronts. Neckkerchiefs are universally worn, composed of alternate stripes of lace and muslin.

General Observations.

The dresses are made very short-waisted, and very low in the back; and in almost every part of them there is lace. For full-dress, crape is much worn. Ostrich feathers of all colours are universal. Pelices and spencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The most favourite colours for them are dark-green, sky-blue, and black: the military fronts are generally adopted. For undress, silver bear muffs and tippets are worn: for dress, swans-down.

The prevailing colours for shoes are black jean, white kid, and purple; but are so extremely long-quartered as to but barely admit the toes.

The Italian sarsnets are quite out, with the exception of a few of the richer sort checks, which are of the richer sort.

The following distinguished personages are expected to set the fashions after Christmas: the duchess of Bedford, marchioness of Hertford, lady Hamilton, and lady Ann Smith.

ACCOUNT *of the new* MUSICAL DRAMA, *in three Acts, called* 'THE ENGLISH FLEET IN 1342,' *performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, on Tuesday, Dec.* 13.

CHARACTERS.

	Character	Performer
	De Mountfort, count of Brittany,............	Mr. Hill.
His party.	John de Mountfort, his son,.........	Master Benson.
	Robert of Artois,.....	Mr King.
	Oliver de Clisson,.....	Mr. Curties.
	John de Montauban,...	Mr. Cresswell.
	Philip,.............	Mr Blanchard.
	Valentine...........	Mr. Braham.
	Captain Fitzwater,....	Mr. Incledon.
	Mainmast, his boatswain,........	Mr. Munden,
	Kelson,.............	Mr. Street.
	Charles, count of Blois,.....	Mr. Claremont.
His party.	Bishop of Leon,......	Mr. Chapman.
	La Vallette,.........	Mr. Klanert.
	Carlos,.............	Mr. Beverley.
	Doria,...............	Mr. Wilkinson.
	Pedrillo,............	Mr. Truman.
	Pierre,..............	Mr. Field.
	Jacques,............	Mr. Harley.
	Hubert, a peasant,.........	Mr. Atkins.
	Maurice, a peasant,........	Mr. Wilde.
	Jane, countess of Brittany,..	Mrs. Glover.
	Adela, countess of Blois,...	Mrs. Humphries.
	Jacqueline, an attendant,....	Miss Gaudry.
	Jeannetta, wife to Philip,...	Mrs. Davenport.
	Katherine, wife to Valentine,	Signora Storace.
	Isabel, daughter to Jeannetta,	Mrs. Atkins.

Bretons, French, Spanish and Genoese Soldiers. English Officers and Sailors, Peasants of Brittany, &c. &c.

Scene lies in and near the castle of Hennebonne.

THE fable of this new drama' (which is the acknowledged production of Mr. T. Dibdin) is founded upon the following historical record:

Edward the Third, king of England, was induced to conform to the wishes of the count De Mountfort, who had possessed himself of the province of Britanny, and applied to Edward to support his pretensions. An offer of this kind entirely coincided with Edward's ambitious views upon France, and he immediately perceived the advantage that might result from such an expedition.—He was happy in the promised assistance of Mountfort, an active and valiant prince, closely united to him by interest, and thus opening to him an entrance into the heart of France. On the other hand, he could have no hopes on the side of Flanders, as he was obstructed by those numerous fortifications which had been raised on that frontier. These flattering prospects, however, were for a time damped by the imprisonment of Mountfort, whose aims being discovered, he was besieged in the city of Nantz, and taken. But Jane of Flanders, his wife, soon made up for the loss of her husband. This lady, who was one of the most extraordinary women of her age, courageously undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. She assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where she then resided, and, carrying her infant son in her arms, deplored her misfortunes, and attempted to inspire the citizens with an affection for her cause. The inhabitants of Nantz instantly espoused her interest, and all the other fortresses of Brittany embraced the same resolution: the king of England was apprised of her efforts in his favour, and was entreated to send her succours with all possible expedition to the town of Hennebonne, in which place she resolved to sustain the attacks of the enemy. She was not deceived in her opinion of the vigilance and activity which the enemy would direct against her. Charles De Blois, general for Philip king of France, anxious to make himself master of so important a fortress as Hennebonne, and still more to take the countess prisoner, sat down before the place with a large army, and conducted the siege with indefatigable industry.

The defence was no less vigorous; several sallies were made by the garrison, in which the countess herself

was ftill the moft active, and led on the affault. Obferving one day that the whole of the befieging army had quitted the camp to join in a general ftorm, fhe fallied out by a poftern, at the head of three hundred horfe; fet fire to the tents and baggage of the enemy; put their futtlers and fervants to the fword; and occafioned fuch an alarm, that the French defifted from the affault, in order to cut off her communication from the town. The countefs, thus intercepted, retired to Auray, where fhe continued five or fix days; then, returning at the head of five hundred horfe, fhe fought her way through one quarter of the French camp, and rejoined her faithful citizens in triumph. But mere unfupported valour could not repel all the encroachments of an active and fuperior enemy. The befiegers had at length made feveral breaches in the walls; and it was apprehended that a general affault, which was hourly expected, would be fatal: a capitulation was therefore propofed, and a conference was already begun, when the countefs, who had mounted on a high tower, and was looking towards the fea with great impatience, defcried fome fhips at a diftance. She immediately exclaimed that fuccours were arrived, and forbade any further capitulation. She was not difappointed in her wifhes; the fleet fhe defcried carried a body of Englifh gentlemen, with fix thoufand archers, whom Edward had prepared for the relief of Hennebonne, but who had long been detained by contrary winds. They entered the harbour under the conduct of fir Walter Manny, one of the moft valiant commanders of his time. This relief ferved to keep up the declining fpirits of the Bretons, until the time appointed by the late truce with Edward was expired, on which he was at liberty to renew the war in greater form.

Such are the materials. The author has kept the outline in view, and has given a colouring to his work fuitable to the fpirit of the times, and the prefent fituation of this country and France. The fubject indeed is much better calculated for a ferious drama than for an opera, and the ludicrous fcenes and characters which are introduced do not happily blend with the main ftory. The purpofe, however, is to take advantage of a temporary ftate of things, and to amufe a mixed audience; and this purpofe the author has effected. He deviates from the ftory in concealing De Mountfort in a cottage, the owner of which is fuppofed to be in England; and the wife, though attached to the count, by her anxious loquacity, induces two peafants to fufpect that he is concealed. Thefe men, allured by the offered reward, beguile the count out of his covert, and betray him to the enemy. He is at length delivered by Mainmaft, a Britifh failor, who defcends in a bafket from the belfry of the place in which the count is confined, the latter afcending in this fame bafket. This expedient, which is not juftified by hiftory, is rather too ludicrous.

The name of the piece has little to do with the fable in general, as the Englifh fleet does not make its appearance till juft at the conclufion; and, though it is fuppofed to bring fuccour, is not employed in action

The fentiments are very loyal, but very trite; yet as they fall in with the general fpirit of the times, and tend to illuftrate the fuperior happinefs of this country, they may be encouraged for their effect, though not admired for their novelty.

The piece is brought forward with a magnificence of fcenery calculated to give it the fulleft effect; and, though it certainly has no intrinfic merits of a fuperior kind, its pa-

triotic sentiments, and fervent eulogiums upon the worth and spirit of Britain, with its music, shew, and bustle, will probably render it very attractive.

The house was crowded in all parts, and the piece was received throughout with great applause, which was fully ratified when the audience were, in the last scene, gratified with a sight of *The English Fleet.*

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Concluded from p. 568.)

GUNVOR, in the mean time, repaired to the apartments of the queen. She knocked hastily and loudly at the door, which a servant opened.

'I must speak with the queen instantly,' said she; and the servant retired.

'Awake, Bera! arise!' exclaimed Gunvor; 'I bring thee Habor's life!' and she shewed his arms, which she had brought with her. 'Habor sleeps with Signe; he dishonours thy daughter: Signe embraces the murderer of her brother!'

'He shall die!' cried Bera. Hastily she threw her mantle around her, and flew to the chamber of Sigar. 'Unhappy father!' said she, 'thou sleepest, while Habor dishonours thy daughter!'

The aged sovereign started up terrified. 'He shall not live!' exclaimed he. 'But are you certain he is guilty?'

'Dost thou doubt?' said Bera. 'Come and see with thine own eyes.'

Hildegisle now arrived with a numerous train of Saxons; Bolvise also came with a company of abandoned followers, worthy of such a leader. Hastily they went forth, while the king slowly followed. But before they reached the apartments of Signe, Gunvor had returned. With well-dissembled terror, she ran to Svanhild.

'How shall I speak?' said she: 'how declare to you the alarming tidings?'——

'Since you have said so much,' answered Svanhild, 'say all.'

'Alger is dead,' said Gunvor.

As a stone sinks in the deep waters, so sank Svanhild to the earth; while Gunvor maliciously laughed, enjoying her base revenge.

In the mean time Bolvise had arrived at the apartments of Signe, and with his ruffian band forced the door. Her female attendants leaped, terrified, from their beds, and endeavoured to gain her chamber; but Bolvise had secured all the avenues. The noise roused the lovers from their delightful reverie. Habor started from the embrace of Signe. 'My arms!' exclaimed he; but the treachery of Gunvor had rendered his search fruitless.

'Now is the time of death!' cried Bolvise, who at that moment broke into the chamber.

'It is the time of death!' answered Habor, and grasped his neck so forcibly with his powerful hand that his impure soul deserted its mortal habitation. He fell, and Signe exclaimed 'So fall all traitors!'

But now entered the Saxons, and by their numbers overpowered the unarmed hero, between whom and them Signe had thrown herself. She clung to Habor, and could with difficulty be forced from him. At length the hands of the hero, which had ever been invincible in the field, were bound with chains.

Hildegisle approached Signe, and said, 'Weep not, beauteous Signe; I will supply the place of Habor.'

'Wretch!' answered she, indignantly, 'die the death of Bolvise! The place of Habor cannot be supplied.'

'The grief of the fair,' returned Hildegisle, 'must be treated with respect;' and immediately he retired.

The doors of the apartments of Signe were now guarded by Saxon soldiers, that no person might come out of them; for Bera feared that Signe should shew herself to the people. The two companions of Habor, when attacked, defended themselves courageously, though they had not their shields, till they fell like brave warriors.

Signe, now left alone with her female attendants, enquired of them for Svanhild.

'She is,' answered they, 'in her chamber, overpowered by her feelings, and almost deprived of sense.'

The tenderest friendship swelled the heart of Signe; she forgot her own grief, and hastened to aid and comfort Svanhild. She clasped her in her embrace, kissed, and bathed her in her tears. Svanhild for a moment revived, and opened her eyes.

'Hated light of day!' exclaimed she, and again she closed them.

'It is I, dear Svanhild!' said Signe: 'it is I!—it is thy Signe!'

'Oh, that I were happy as thou art!' said Svanhild; 'but a relentless fate pursues me.'

'May Freya preserve thee from such happiness!' answered Signe.

'What dost thou say?'

'Habor is led to death.'

At these words the powers of life returned to Svanhild, and she forgot for a time herself and Alger. Thus the affectionate father, on the fragments of the shipwrecked vessel, forgets his own danger when he sees his son hurried away by the merciless wave. He plunges after him; and, seizing the extremity of his garment, labours and buffets the billows till he can again place him on the wreck where he may have a chance of life.

'We must be gone instantly,' said Svanhild: 'we must save Habor, whatever may be the event.'

'Alas,' said Signe, 'all the doors are shut, and armed Saxons guard them, suffering no persons to go out or enter!'

Svanhild and Signe mutually related to each other the grief and despair of their hearts: Svanhild for the supposed death of Alger; Signe for the approaching condemnation and execution of Habor. They murmured not against the gods, but they resolved to die with magnanimity.

'Faithful friends,' said they to their attendants, 'nothing is left for us but death. Save yourselves: apply to the guards that they may let you pass.'

'No,' exclaimed with one voice the faithful maidens, 'we will die with our illustrious, our dear, mistresses: we will enjoy the honour of serving them in the palace of Freya!'

Signe and Svanhild gave them their hands, and assured them that one common fate and happiness awaited them beyond the grave.

'The gods,' said they, 'regard not condition in life, but only virtue: the virtuous in a humble station receive as great a reward as those of the most dignified rank. Fidelity is recompensed here with never-dying fame, and after death with eternal happiness.'

And now these courageous females prepared and raised piles of pine-wood against the doors and windows of their apartment, which they stood ready to light when the expected signal should be displayed. Their ribbands and girdles they, at the same time, fitted, speedily to procure to them that death they had resolved to obtain.

In the mean time Habor was brought before the assembly convoked to sit in judgment on him. Sigar did not appear in it; for, persuaded as he was that Habor had dishonoured

his daughter, and, probably by unjustifiable violence, ſlain his ſon, he could only indulge his frantic grief, and lament that Heaven had given him children. His voice and full power in the aſſembly he transferred to Hildegiſle.

In the ſupreme court, thus aſſembled, opinions were however divided; for ſome Danes had arrived from the neighbouring towns, who maintained that it was requiſite to conſider the diſtinguiſhed rank of Habor, his nation, and his courage; that it was more adviſable to cultivate friendſhip with the Norwegians than to make them enemies; to avail themſelves of the valour of Habor now the number of the Daniſh princes was diminiſhed (for the report of the death of Alger was generally circulated), and to compaſſionate the grief and diſtreſs of Signe. At the ſame time they murmured loudly that foreigners, that Saxons, ſhould ſit and pronounce judgment in a Daniſh court. But the Saxons, who were numerous, and the venal and baſe who formed the party of Bera and Bolviſe, outvoted them, and Habor was condemned to death. Immediately he was led to a neighbouring eminence, at the foot of which was the apartment of Signe. There ſat Bera and Hildegiſle, ſurrounded by a gazing multitude. When Habor approached, Bera advanced to him, and gave into his hands a horn filled with mead.

'Drink,' ſaid ſhe, 'this horn of death, thy bridal horn.'

He took the horn with a ſteady hand, and poured out the mead upon the ground.

'This libation,' ſaid he, 'I make to you, ye infernal divinities! And thou,' ſaid he, turning to Bera, 'wert thou not the mother of Signe, I would likewiſe have devoted to them.'

Bera laughed, ſcornfully. 'That,' ſaid ſhe, 'would indeed have been terrible. Now let the gods in whom thou haſt truſted deliver thee.'

'Thou too,' ſaid Habor, 'impious as thou art, ſhalt alſo die.'

Bera turned pale; for her conſcience ſmote her, but ſoon ſhe forgot its rebuke.

Habor now threw his hat high into the air. 'Thus,' ſaid he, 'ſhall my fame, and the fame of Signe, mount to heaven.' This was the ſign agreed on between him and Aſmund, who immediately diſplayed his banner.

Signe obſerved the ſignal unterrified, and ſmiled with a noble calmneſs. 'Welcome death!' exclaimed ſhe: 'my friends, Habor is already in the hall of heroes: he beckons to us.'

Her attendants inſtantly lighted the pine-brands, and ran with them flaming, as if performing a dance, and fired the piles of wood they had prepared; they at the ſame time fitted the fatal bands to their necks. Signe and Svanhild tenderly embraced each other. 'Soon,' ſaid they, 'ſhall we again ſee thoſe who are dear to our hearts; and no force, no malice, ſhall ſeparate us more. There is no Bolviſe——' 'no Bera,' ſaid Svanhild. Signe deeply ſighed, the only ſigh ſhe had uttered on this occaſion. She ſtretched out her arms: 'Habor,' ſaid ſhe, 'thy faithful Signe embraces thee.' Svanhild burſt into tears. 'Thy death,' ſaid ſhe, 'deareſt friend, I feel more than my own.' She ſunk, at length, deprived of ſenſe, and motionleſs, as the mounting flames began to envelope the apartment.

In the mean time, Habor addreſſed the ſurrounding multitude with firmneſs and ardour. He declared that he had not acted treacherouſly; that Signe was too chaſte, and he loved her too ſincerely, to have been guilty of the meanneſs of

which he had been accused. This delay he made that he might know whether Signe would perform her vow, and whether he should again embrace her in the habitations of death. Bera likewise permitted this delay, for she wished to glut her eyes with his sufferings, and thought the longer they endured the more he must feel his death. Suddenly Habor exclaimed, 'I see the flames mount; constancy and truth triumph! No longer delay the fatal blow; I pant to embrace Signe: now is death joy! Throughout all the north shall our names be sung: our love and fidelity shall be admired and honoured, and our death envied.'

The whole assembly instantly turned their eyes, and saw the flames rising on every side from the part of the palace in which Signe resided. The greater part of the crowd immediately hastened with all speed to rescue her from the danger, for Signe was beloved.

'Wretch!' exclaimed Bera, 'thou hast beguiled my daughter with forceries.'

'Why do you delay?' cried Habor; 'where is your executioner?'

No person answered. The unexpected approach of an armed force put to flight those of the multitude who remained: they fell over each other: all was terror, clamour, and confusion; and Habor was left alone. He hastened from the hill that was to have been the place of his execution; Signe gave him wings. He rushed into the midst of the flames. He found her, and bore her in his embrace, without the palace, but, alas! she was lifeless, a prey to the devouring flames. He found the sword of a warrior lying near: he drew it, plunged it into his bosom, and fell on the body of Signe, exclaiming 'I hasten to thee!'

The panic which had seized the multitude was occasioned by the arrival and attack of Hakon, Alger, and Belvise, at the head of the Swedish army. At the mouth of the river Suse they had received intelligence of the sentence passed on Habor; and had hastened their march with all speed, though they arrived too late. The moment Alger perceived the palace in flames, he thought of Svanhild. Instantly he left his companions, rushed through the fire, found her whom he loved more than life, loosened the fatal band, and bore her from the flames. 'Livest thou, dearest Svanhild?' said he; 'if thou dost, answer thy distracted lover. Wilt thou not answer thy Alger? My kisses shall revive thee.'

He lavished on her a thousand kisses.

'She is yet warm! she lives!' exclaimed he in extasy. She moved her hand; his joy was indescribable. She opened her eyes, said 'Alger!' and again closed them.

'Now do I possess thee,' continued she; 'now have I a certainty of another life: never shall I again be separated from Alger!'

'What meanest thou by another life?' said Alger: 'thou hast Alger in this life; he lives, and thou livest.'

'Noble shade!' said Svanhild, and again she closed her eyes; 'thou livest, never to die.'

'I am no shade,' answered Alger; 'touch me, and be convinced that I have a body.'

Svanhild now raised herself up, and embraced Alger; she returned his kisses, and at length said, 'Thou livest; yet was I told that thou wert dead. I too live, who sought my own death.'

Alger briefly related to her all that had passed, and the manner in which she was rescued from the flames.

Again she embraced him. 'I

live,' said she, 'and thou liveſt. I thank the gods for my life, because thou liveſt. But where is Signe?'

'I know not,' anſwered Alger; 'but we will ſeek her.'

Soon they found the bodies of the two lovers; Signe, half conſumed by the devouring flames, lay by the ſide of Habor, weltering in his blood. A placid ſmile ſat, even in death, on the features of Signe; and the countenance of Habor was expreſſive of heroiſm and of love. Alger turned away his eyes, unable to bear the diſtreſsful ſight; and Svanhild ſunk down deprived of ſenſe. Alger haſtily raiſed her in his arms, and bore her to the hall of Sigar.

In the mean time, Hakon had attacked the aſſembly. Terror, defeat, and death, preceded his banners. The enemies of Habor fled, for wicked men ſoon fly. Hildegiſle fell like a warrior, and his Saxons ſought ſafety in flight; for they had nothing left for which to combat. In the tumult, Hakon ſeized Bera, dragged her by the hair, and pierced her through with his ſword. Rage, and the thirſt of revenge, diſhonoured his victory in this act; but a wicked woman received deſerved puniſhment.

Belviſe went to Sigar, who, unable to riſe from his bed, ſought relief in tears. 'Thou art not left entirely childleſs, aged ſovereign,' ſaid Belviſe; 'Alger lives, and has ſaved Svanhild.'

'Let me, then,' exclaimed Sigar, 'again embrace my dear children.'

Affecting was the ſight when Alger and Svanhild kneeled before the aged monarch, and mingled their tears with his.

Two days afterwards Syvald returned to Sigarſtadt, crowned with victory and glory. But when he heard the recital of the calamities that had befallen his family, he would not remain there. 'My deareſt friend,' ſaid he, 'is dead; my unrivalled ſiſter is no more. Take the kingdom, Alger, and let the ſeas bury me and my grief.'

In vain was every attempt to prevail on him to change his reſolution. He departed as ſoon as the bodies of the two lovers were committed to the earth.

A mount was raiſed, in which the remains of Signe and Habor were depoſited, with their arms claſping the bodies of each other. A monument was erected, on which was inſcribed, in Runic characters, 'Here lie Signe and Habor, faithful lovers in life and in death.'

All the Skalds* of the time made their hiſtory the ſubject of their ſongs.

Belviſe pronounced a funeral oration over their tomb, in which he extolled their heroic courage, their fidelity, their ſincerity, and their generous and amiable qualities. 'They truſted in the gods,' ſaid he, 'yet ſeem to have incurred the diſpleaſure of Heaven. Perhaps the vow of Signe indicated too much pride and want of reflection: by it ſhe armed her brothers againſt her lover. As little can I entirely commend their death; though, by refraining from ſuch commendation, I may oppoſe the opinion of the age in which I live. But the gods are merciful: they beſt can judge of the motives and true deſert of human actions. I will not therefore admit the thought that theſe faithful lovers can be unhappy after death, though I muſt deem moſt praiſeworthy thoſe who patiently await the hour aſſigned them by the gods and fate. They were virtuous in their lives, and doubtleſs are happy; but puniſhment muſt await thoſe who have ended their lives in wickedneſs. Often, too often, the

* Bards.

same fate attends, in this world, both the good and the wicked; but, in the life beyond the grave, justice will vindicate the ways of Heaven.'

Sigar died three weeks after his daughter, and was buried, according to his desire, under the same mount, and by her side. Syvald put to sea, and was soon after lost in a storm in the gulph of Finland. Alger and Svanhild long lived happily; but the latter never entirely recovered her former cheerfulness: a tender melancholy remained fixed on her features and in her heart. Every day she repaired to the grave of Signe, to weep there. Alger blamed not her faithful sorrow, but often sighed and shed tears with her. Guvor lived long, the object of general contempt and hatred; suffering all the evils of poverty and wretchedness, instead of enjoying the wealth she had hoped to acquire by falshood and treachery. Asmund accompanied Hakon, and, soon after, found in battle that death which he eagerly sought, that he might follow his friend.

PRESENTATION *of the* DUCHESS *of* BEDFORD *to the* QUEEN.

THIS charming lady was, on Thursday, Dec. 22, attended to court by her sister lady C. Lennox, and presented by her sister-in-law, lady William Russel, to her majesty, for the first time after her marriage with the duke of Bedford; being the first presentation of a duchess of Bedford at our court since the year 1737, when the late duchess of Bedford, the daughter of John earl of Gower, and grand-daughter to the duke of Kingston, was presented, being the lady of John the fourth duke of Bedford, which was his second wife, who died in June, 1794.

The duchess's body dress was in the most superb style of elegance we have witnessed for several years, viz. a white satin petticoat, with a puffery of white crape, spangled; a white crape drapery, richly embroidered with vine leaves and grapes of silver, looped up and beautifully ornamented with silver cords and tassels; the pocket-holes of puffetry of spangled crape; the body and train a white satin, richly embroidered with vine leaves, and crapes to correspond, richly and elegantly trimmed with point Brussels lace; the sleeves, though plain, we observed, were richly embroidered with silver, with three rows of point Brussels lace, forming a beautiful drapery over her shoulder.

Her grace's head-dress was a bandeau of white satin, embroidered with silver, with vine-leaves and bunches of grapes to correspond with her dress, fastened behind with a diamond brooch of exquisite beauty. Her hair was beautifully plaited round her head in the Grecian style, *stratum super stratum*, forming to a point, and finished at the top of the head with a large rosette of diamonds, from which suspended a diamond lustre of great beauty and workmanship. Over the bandeau we observed a beautiful reed of diamonds, in an angular form, a hair-comb in the front, with a large star of diamonds, and a rosette with a plume of five beautiful ostrich feathers.

Her grace remained, during the whole of the time, either in conversation with their majesties, or with the younger female branches of the royal family.

She had an elegant chair made on the occasion, with the ducal coronet; rich white liveries, with deep gold lace, and three footmen before her chair.

The quantity of jewels which her grace wore is estimated at 50,000*l.* sterling.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ANACREON, ODE I.

OFT, in ſtrains of lofty verſe,
Sons of Atreus, I'd rehearſe;
Oft in notes ſublime I'd ſing
Actions of the Theban king:
But the ſtrings unwilling prove,
Sounding only ſongs of love.
Late afreſh my lyre I ſtrung,
And of Hercules had ſung,
Of his labours, of his toils,
Of his victories and ſpoils;
But the lyre, in ev'ry ſtrain,
Anſwer'd love and love again.
Princes, now farewell to you;
Heroes, chieftains, all adieu:
For, in future, ev'ry ſong
Shall to love alone belong.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

ABSENCE; A SONNET.

FROM coaſt to coaſt the wand'ring exile ſtrays,
Bereft of comfort, tortur'd with deſpair;
Sleepleſs his nights, and clouded are his days,
Subdu'd by anguiſh, and oppreſs'd with care.
Juſt ſo, when torn from her I deareſt love,
A thouſand paſſions rack my anxious mind;
I ſeek the city, or I pace the grove,
But can, alas! nor joy nor comfort find:
Save when bright Fancy, with her radiant charms,
Tranſports Clariſſa to my longing arms.

Oxford, Dec. 4, 1803. J. W. V.

SONGS *in the new Comic Opera*—'THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.'

SONG—Mrs. Mountain.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams, to lovers dear:
For then his form ſhall charm mine eye,
For then his voice ſhall charm mine ear.
No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my ſight:
And Fancy, in her conquering hour,
With Love ſhall gild her viſions bright.

SONG—Miſs De Camp.

A SOLDIER to his own fire-ſide
With laurels was retiring;
An only daughter was his pride,
His every hope inſpiring:
In her young mind the virtues ſhone,
Th' admiring world approv'd her;
She ſeem'd to live for him alone,
And he as his own life lov'd her.

But oft within the faireſt flower
The canker worm is working;
Ingratitude—ah, fatal hour!—
In her falſe heart was lurking.
The ſpoiler came—ſhe op'd the door;
He from her home remov'd her:
She of that father thought no more,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

Behold the wretched parent's look!
His child was loſt for ever:
The tear his phrenſied eye forſook;
From life he ſeem'd to ſever,
Oft did he hear the bitter ſigh,
Yet not a word reprov'd her:
But all he wiſh'd for was to die;
For as his life he lov'd her.

With guilty pangs, her boſom torn,
Still lives the wretched daughter;
And long repentant woe has borne,
To which her error brought her.
Oh, bring the hour of mercy near!
The eye of Heaven has prov'd her,
As life to love that father dear,
Who as his own life lov'd her.

SONG—THEODORE—*Miſs De Camp.*

THE other day, when I was dancing
To the air you love ſo well;
And with the roſy wreath advancing,
At your feet the offering fell.
A ſigh your woe betraying,
O'erpower'd the ſmile you ſtrove to give;
While in vain to ſpeak eſſaying,
Ah, could I your griefs relieve!
But, alas! you love me not—
No, no, poor Theodore's forgot.

Oh! let me hope to see reviving
All the gaiety you knew,
When, for your kind attention striving,
I was ever in your view.
My childish sports approving,
My trifling all your cares beguil'd;
Still on your brow no frown reproving,
You on your little orphan smil'd.
But, alas! &c.

DUET—Mrs. Bland and Mr. Bannister.

Carronade.
In fairness I speak, from my heart comes the offer.
Then say, sweet lass, with a sailor will you roam?
Ninetta.
I thank you, good sir, for the kindness you proffer;
But say, kind sir, suppose I stay at home?
Carronade.
On board a man-of-war you'll taste every pleasure.
Ninetta.
But joys you'll remember we variously measure.
Both.
The question is plain, { shall I / will you } stay or go?
The answer is plain, 'tis merely yes or no.
Fal la, &c.

Carronade.
Two words to the bargain!—be it so if you like it:
My word is yes—and may yours be the same.
Ninetta.
Why as to the bargain—we never shall strike it.
My word is no—the plain answer you claim.
Carronade.
Plain-dealing I admire—that yours is sincerely.
Ninetta.
It leaves you free to choose a lass to love dearly.
Both.
Though lovers we're none—yet as friends let us part:
A hand you may give—though you can't bestow a heart.
Fal la, &c.

TO MISS ———,
ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR, WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?

[*From the 'Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.'*]

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips;
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say—Her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest,
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—Her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

REUBEN AND ROSE;
A TALE OF ROMANCE.

[*From the Same.*]

The darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sun-beam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

'Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?'
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave:

'It can never diſpel,' ſaid the wizard of verſe,
'Till the bright ſtar of chivalry 's ſunk in the wave!'

And who was the bright ſtar of chivalry then?
Who could he but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was firſt in the combat of men,
Though youth had ſcarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his boſom had beat,
For Roſe, who was bright as the ſpirit of dawn,
When, with wand dropping diamonds and ſilvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Muſt Roſe, then, from Reuben ſo fatally ſever?
Sad, ſad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkneſs ſhould cover the caſtle for ever,
Or Reuben be ſunk in the merciles ſwave!

She flew to the wizard—' And tell me, oh! tell,
Shall my Reuben no more be reſtor'd to my eyes?'
'Yes, yes—when a ſpirit ſhall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben ſhall riſe!'

Twice, thrice he repeated, 'Your Reuben ſhall riſe,'
And Roſe felt a moment's releaſe from her pain;
She wip'd, while ſhe liſten'd, the tear from her eyes,
And ſhe hop'd ſhe might yet ſee her hero again!

Her hero could ſmile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the fire of his Roſe:
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapſe of the billows ſoon found his repoſe.

How ſtrangely the order of deſtiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a ſunbeam was ſeen to glance over the walls,
And the caſtle of Willumberg baſk'd in the day!

All, all but the ſoul of the maid was in light,
There ſorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did ſhe wander, and all the long night,
In queſt of her love on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did ſhe pauſe for the toll of the bell,
And ſhe heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did ſhe gaze on the watery ſwell,
And ſhe ſaw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As ſhe look'd at the light of the moon in the ſtream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of ſilver ſhe ſaw,
As the curl of the ſurge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the ſky,
Poor Roſe on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almoſt froze in her eye,
When, hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She ſtartled, and ſaw, through the glimmering ſhade,
A form o'er the waters in majeſty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of ſilver was waſh'd by the tide.

Was this what the ſeer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon ſhot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben; but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the ſpell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he riſe, and as often ſhe thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then ſpringing beneath, at a billow ſhe caught,
And ſunk to repoſe on its boſom for ever!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Conſtantinople, September 20.

BY three Couriers, who have ſucceſſively arrived from Smyrna, Acre, and Alexandria, we have received the diſaſtrous intelligence that Egypt is now entirely in the poſſeſſion of the Beys, who have united with the Arnauts, and that this fine province is once more loſt to the Porte.

The Turkiſh garriſon in Alexandria withſtood ſeveral aſſaults, and defended themſelves to the laſt, till they were obliged to capitulate on account of want of proviſions, and the great ſuperiority of the enemy. This diſagreeable event has been notified by the Reis Effendi to all the Foreign Miniſters here.

The Porte is fully perſuaded that this misfortune is to be aſcribed at once to the diſcontent of the Beys, and to foreign influence. Many of the Foreign Miniſters have ſent advice of this event to their Courts, among whom the Ruſſian Miniſter has been the firſt. It is an almoſt general opinion in the Divan that the influence of Ruſſia has had a great ſhare in producing this misfortune.

23. The following is the note which, by order of the Porte, on the 20th of this month, was delivered to the Ambaſſadors of the two powers at war, and alſo to the reſt of the Foreign Miniſters:—

'During the war by ſea and land, which broke out between France and England in the 1207 of the Hegira (1792), the Sublime Porte, which was neutral, and entertained relations of amity with both powers at war, declared to their Ambaſſadors by a note, preſented to them for that purpoſe, that the ſhips of thoſe powers ſhould not moleſt nor attack each other in the waters of this empire, under the guns of the fortreſſes of the Ottoman territory in Aſia and Europe, of the Iſlands in the White Sea, and the different ports within the diſtance of three miles from ſhore; and that the reſpective Conſuls ſhould uſe their beſt efforts to prevent all perſons intending to provoke engagements in the vicinity of ſuch ports from carrying their intention into effect. It was then enacted, and the ordinance is hereby renewed, that ſtrict enquiries ſhall be made for the purpoſe of apprehending and puniſhing all ſubjects of the Porte who ſhall engage to ſerve on board of privateers. No Muſſulman, being a ſubject of the Porte, is allowed to load goods on board of ſhips belonging to the above powers, without having obtained from the reſpective Conſuls all the documents required in ſuch caſes. Should an engagement take place on the high ſeas between ſhips of the belligerent powers, it ſhall not be lawful for any commander of a Turkiſh ſhip of war, or for any Turkiſh ſubject, to interfere in ſuch engagement, in order to favour one or the other party engaged. The Sublime Porte being determined to obſerve the ſame ſyſtem of neutrality during the preſent war, the neceſſary orders have been expedited for his highneſs the Captain Pacha, a copy whereof ſhall likewiſe be delivered to the Foreign Miniſters.'

October 15. The Porte has ſent twelve ſhips with ammunition, &c. to the Morea. A foreign ſhip ſome time ſince landed there a cargo of powder and ball; as its deſtination appeared ſuſpicious, the Captain Pacha cauſed the whole to be ſeized. A captain Idria, who was employed in the expedition, was to have been murdered in the night by the procurement of the Greek Bey at Malathra, to whom the powder was conſigned. He, however, received information of the deſign, and revenged himſelf by heavily cannonading the town of Malathra.

25. Great numbers of troops are aſſembling in the vicinity of this capital, the deſtination of which is ſaid to be the Morea, which is ſtill believed to be threatened by a foreign force. Six Ruſſian and Auſtrian ſhips, which have been

taken up to carry powder and artillery, have already failed for that peninfula, all the places of which will be put in a ftrong ftate of defence, and batteries erected on the coafts. The Captain Pacha will remain with the fleet off the coaft of the Morea during the whole winter.

In the courfe of the laft fortnight there have been feveral fires here, fuppofed to be caufed by the difcontented populace. Strong patroles now parade the ftreets of Conftantinople during the night; and, except in the quarter of the Franks, no perfon is permitted to be in the ftreets by night, either in the city or the fuburbs.

Both the Englifh and French ambaffadors have lately had feveral conferences with the Reis Effendi: the Porte, however, is determined to abide by its fyftem of neutrality. It is now afferted that the Porte has concluded a convention with the Beys of Egypt, according to which the government of that country is to be placed on the fame footing as before the arrival of the French. The Beys will in confequence regain that authority which the Porte has hitherto refufed them. This ftatement, however, is not official, and no fhip has arrived here from Alexandria for a confiderable time.

Hague, October 25. The minifter at war of the French republic, general Alexander Berthier, after having finifhed his tour through the maritime departments of the north of France, is now extending it to the Batavian territory. For the laft days he has been vifiting the ports of Zealand; and, on the 23d in the evening, he arrived at Bergen-op-Zoom. The head-quarters of the French and Batavian troops in this republic are about to be fixed at Utrecht. —The commander in chief, general Victor, leaves the Hague this day for that place, to which a part of his ftaff has already repaired.

Leyden, October 27. The French minifter at war arrived on the 23d in the evening from Middleburg at Bergen-op-Zoom. In the following morning he infpected the fortifications and garrifon of that place. Immediately after he fet out with his fuite, in three carriages, to return, by way of Antwerp, to Paris.

Paris, October 21. Spain, to avoid taking an active part in the prefent war, is to pay France four millions of livres monthly; and guarantee the payment in like manner of one million monthly by Portugal.

Four emigrants who had taken the benefit of the amnefty, but carried on a correfpondence with the count D'Artois, have been deported. Among them are Laval Montmorency, and Archbambault: their eftates are not confifcated, but they have been permitted to fell them.

Various addreffes from the departments to the Firft Conful, and even one from the council of ftate, will foon make their appearance, in which he will be requefted not to command the expedition againft England, in perfon, but only to direct it from the coafts.

General Moreau is appointed member of the legion of honour.

Leghorn, October 28. A French fquadron, with a confiderable number of land forces on board, is lying at Toulon, ready to fail as foon as the fleet of lord Nelfon fhall be driven off the coaft by a ftorm. It is intended for a fecret expedition.

The Englifh fquadron which blockades Genoa confifts of two fhips of the line, eight frigates, four cutters, and has with it feveral privateers. The blockade extends from Cape delle Melle to Viareggia. All the neutral fhips lying in Genoa have been required by the Englifh to depart within 14 days.

General Montrichard, from Lunenburg, has been for fome time at Rome, where he has vifited the curiofities and productions of art; after which he continued his journey by Naples to the army of general St. Cyr, to which the fon of the third conful Le Brun, who is appointed adjutant to general St. Cyr, has likewife repaired.

Bofton, October 28. The fever has difappeared at Philadelphia. We are forry we have not as agreeable information to communicate from New York: on the 20th inft. there were fix deaths, and 22 new cafes; 21ft, ten deaths, and 17 new cafes.

Alexandria, October 28. The health officer announced, on the 19th inft. the rapid decline of the fever in that city. The number of deaths in the preceding forty-eight hours does not, he fays, ftand in oppofition to this ftatement.

Venice, November 8. It appears probable that the duchies of Parma and Pla-

centia, instead of being ceded to Etruria, will be incorporated with *ci-devant* Piedmont. Two French commiſſaries are at Parma, employed in dividing the country into two departments. Some diſtricts from the department of Marengo, included in the Parmeſan, will be annexed to the new departments.

Frontiers of Ruſſia, November 12. On the 2d inſt. an imperial ukaſe was publiſhed here, ordering a recruiting of from 30 to 40,000 men, which will begin on the 27th inſt. and be completed in two months. It is only for the cuſtomary completion of the army, and is no indication of warlike meaſures.

Hague, Nov. 16. General Victor yeſterday informed the directory, that within 24 hours, he muſt have 500,000 florins, on account of the pay due to the French troops encamped between Utrecht and Amersford, and in North Holland; and that if the money was not paid before 11 o'clock this day, he would order the troops to march to Amſterdam, there to pay themſelves in the bank. Couriers were immediately diſpatched to Amſterdam and Rotterdam; and ſeveral rich Jews, and other wealthy individuals, were invited to wait upon our miniſter of finance, to conſult about raiſing the money. Much anxiety and doubt prevailed. At length, at two o'clock this morning, 350,000 florins were procured, as report ſays, at an intereſt of nearly 25 per cent. which, with the 150,000 florins in the national treaſury, made up the ſum demanded by Bonaparte's armed proconſul.—Four waggons loaded with this money, or, as ſome think, with only a part of it, went away this morning, at ten o'clock, under the eſcort of a party of French huſſars. They took the road for Utrecht.

29. Since rear-admiral Verhuel had a conference with our directory, the preparations for the expedition againſt England have been extraordinarily haſtened. Rear-admiral Verhuel will command the French Batavian fleet which is aſſembled at Fluſhing.

An Engliſh ſloop, with 13 men, which approached too near the batteries and works on the coaſt of Zealand, has fallen into our hands. She belonged to the Creſcent, of 20 guns, and had been ſent to reconnoitre the coaſt. The Engliſh, who were brought into Fluſhing, lamented eſpecially being made priſoners at ſuch a time, as they were deprived of the honour of aſſiſting in the defence of their country.

Vienna, Nov. 30. In conſequence of advice received here, that the Auſtrian garriſon, in the fortreſs of Oberhaus, near Paſſau, had been expelled by a Bavarian detachment of ſuperior force, his imperial majeſty, on the 28th inſt. iſſued orders for the troops on the Bavarian frontiers, together with others from Bohemia and Auſtria, amounting to 12,000 cavalry, and 27 battalions of infantry, to advance upon thoſe frontiers. Theſe troops, of which 15 regiments of infantry, and two of cavalry, will firſt break up, will be divided into two corps, one of which will be formed in Bohemia, under field-marſhal lieutenant prince John of Lichtenſtein, and the other in Upper Auſtria, under field-marſhal lieutenant the prince of Schwarzenberg.

The above generals have already ſet out for the places of their deſtination. From the garriſon of this city the infantry regiments of the elector of Salſburg and Kerpen, and the cavalry regiment of the hereditary prince Ferdinand, have been ordered to march. Different regiments in Hungary have at the ſame time received orders to ſupply the place of the garriſon here and other ſtations.

In the mean time a courier has been ſent off by our court to Munich; the Bavarian envoy is ſtill at Vienna, and the Auſtrian envoy is not yet recalled from Munich.

According to ſome accounts, a Ruſſian corps of troops is aſſembling in *ci-devant* Poland, near Wilner and Grodeno.

Haerlem, Dec. 5. The reports of the mortality of the diſeaſe which has broken out in Ameland are much exaggerated. Neither is there any reaſon to believe that it was imported in a ſhip from Malaga.

Letters from Bruſſels, of the 1ſt, ſtate that the preparations for the expedition againſt England continue with the utmoſt vigour. At Oſtend an embargo had been laid on all national merchant ſhips. The fourth diviſion of armed boats is arrived at Dunkirk, and only waits a favourable wind to proceed to Boulogne.

HOME NEWS.

Maidstone, Nov. 15.

YESTERDAY the Maidstone volunteers entered on permanent duty for a fortnight at our barracks, and relieved the regulars there;—the rifle company take a part of the said duty. Amongst the bodies of volunteers destined to permanent duty, for the same period, in this part of the county, the Holmesdale, commanded by lord Whitworth, are expected here next Monday: the Rochester, it is said, will go to Dover castle, and the Cranbrook to Chatham barracks.

Temporary barracks are now preparing, in the respective warehouses, on the wharfs in this town, for the reception of twelve or thirteen hundred men, which are already in great forwardness for their accommodation during the winter months.

The river Medway fencibles have received orders to embark for service on board the ships now fitting out at Chatham.

Bantry, Dec. 4. Several engineer officers have arrived here, who have made a minute survey of ground along the shore of this harbour; and we understand they have fixed upon several very commanding spots, upon which strong works are to be thrown up. The precise description of what is intended, we cannot at present communicate; we merely know that works of defence are to be undertaken as expeditiously as possible, although we regret that the distant period of their completion cannot afford us protection against any immediate attack. They cannot be ready sooner six months. Our hopes of protection, however, are not feeble, when we recollect that we have a strong squadron so immediately at hand. Accounts this day received from the mouth of the bay state, that the following ships of war were then at anchor in Beerhaven, viz. the Northumberland, 74; Magnificent, 74; Ganges, 74; Majestic, 74; and the Thunderer, 74. Admiral Sir R. Calder was hourly expected to arrive in the Prince of Wales, with the Britannia, Goliah, Defiance, and Plantagenet.

London, Dec. 7. The Jamaica mail which arrived on Sunday, in 44 days from that place, has brought papers to the eighth of October inclusive. Part of the intelligence contained in them, is, we are sorry to say, of an unfavourable nature. A plot had been formed to set fire to the town of Kingston on the night of the third of October. Happily, however, it was discovered, and the fire extinguished soon after it was kindled.

The local government of Jamaica has resolved to prevent in future the intercourse between the missionaries sent thither from Britain and the negroes. Mr. Campbell, who arrived in a late packet from Jamaica, has been imprisoned some weeks for repeatedly persisting to preach to them, and liberated on condition of his quitting the island. Mr. Fisch, another missionary, was in prison when he left it. The utmost precaution prevails among the white inhabitants of that colony, who seem to entertain apprehensions of the negroes revolting, and introducing those horrors which have so long raged in the neighbouring island of St. Domingo.

8. Capt. Sutton, of the Prince of Wales packet, who was detained at Calais at the commencement of the war, has had the good fortune to escape out of the clutches of the French. About a month ago, the captain, disguised as a French peasant, quitted Valenciennes, having procured a passport by bribing the municipal officers. Capt. Sutton also took care, before his departure, to furnish himself with a guide. They travelled on foot, only in the night, and passed on to the Rhine, without meeting any obstacles or remarkable occurrences in their way. Here Capt. Sutton's peasant's garb and passport proved of essential service, by obtaining him a passage over one of the bridges on the Rhine. The guards, who examine all passengers

as they go over, asked him several questions, to which he was able to give satisfactory answers, being well versed in the French language. Capt. Sutton left his guide on quitting the French territory, and travelled alone by post to Embden, where he embarked in a hoy, and landed at Yarmouth a few days ago.

9. Mr. Astley, with a munificence which accords well with his distinguished acquirements, has lately purchased and presented to the British Museum a selection of letters, seventy-four in number, all in the hand-writing of Henry IV. of France, addressed to his chancellor, M. De Belliquiere. They are almost the only *reliques* of the record-room in the Bastile.

10. As Miss Knipe, of Bristol, was sitting reading near the fire, a sulphureous coal flew upon her muslin dress, which instantaneously set her in a blaze: she had the presence of mind to ring the bell, which the servant immediately answered; and finding his mistress in flames, he took the rug from the hearth, and folded it round her, which happily had the desired effect to extinguish the flames, though not until it had so dreadfully scorched her, as to render her recovery doubtful.

12. On Saturday morning the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association mustered in the Foundling-yard, for the purpose of marching to have a field-day and sham fight: they commenced their manœuvres in the fields near Pancrass.

The fight commenced at that place, and continued across the fields to those between Hampstead and Highgate, during which numbers fell into the ditches. Those upon the skirmishing party annoyed the main body extremely, and, when they were near Hampstead, the main body received orders to fire a volley upon the skirmishing party; but the muskets and powder were rendered so completely useless by the incessant fall of rain, that, on the word of command to fire being given, not one musket went off. The unfavourableness of the weather did not deter any of the corps from persevering in their object with as much zeal as if they had been pursuing the common enemy, or had been inured to the greatest hardships in the field of battle. The fight continued till past three o'clock without any cessation.

A banker's clerk, in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, who absconded a few days since with notes to the amount of between four and five thousand pounds, and for whose apprehension one hundred and fifty pounds have been offered, was apprehended on Thursday at Margate. He was traced from London by means of having taken a post-chaise at Mr. Gardiner's livery stables in Windmill-street, and where he left a paper parcel directed to his father, which on examination proved to contain the whole of the property, except about 70l. which was found upon him. He is only about 15 years old, and he was unable to give any account of his rash conduct, except that he purchased a ring, and was unable to make up his accounts by about a guinea, nor had he any fixed plan where he should go.

On Friday morning, about half after eleven o'clock, J. Redhead, the brandy-merchant, lately convicted of defrauding the revenue, was brought out of Newgate, and conveyed in a hackney-coach, under a proper escort, to the Royal Exchange, to undergo the sentence of the law. The platform was erected opposite the principal gate of the Royal Exchange. On ascending the steps, he bowed to the sheriffs, and several times to the populace. After being exhibited in the usual manner for an hour, he was taken down, and reconducted to his appartments, on the state side of Newgate, to undergo the remainder of the sentence, viz. two years' imprisonment. The spectators were very numerous, but no attempt was made to molest the offender.

19. An alarming fire broke out late on Friday night at a green-grocer's shop in the Borough, which, from the prompt and ready attendance of the volunteers, turncocks, and firemen, was got under, after consuming the furniture on the first floor. It unfortunately happened that a careless girl went to put a young child to bed, and in so doing set the curtains on fire: the blaze alarmed her, and, in place of taking the poor infant out of the power of the merciless element, she ran down stairs, shrieking hideously, leaving the door open; when the outer door was opened, some persons rushed in; when one, at the hazard of his life, darted through

the flames, and brought the child out of the bed; but it was unfortunately so dreadfully burnt, particularly about the head and face, that its death, which took place at seven the next morning, was an event rather to be wished than lamented.

20. On Sunday, about twelve o'clock, Elfi Bey, accompanied by lord Blantyre, and col. Moore, and attended by his interpreter and a suite of Mamelukes, arrived at the Castle inn, at Windsor, where he was soon after met by general Stuart, when the whole party proceeded to the palace, where they continued for some time to view the apartments. After divine service, the king, queen, princesses, and duke of Cambridge, came also into the castle, and proceeded to the armoury, where they met the Bey, who was presented to their majesties by general Stuart. The Mameluke chieftain made a bend of low respectful salutation, and was received by their majesties in a most gracious manner. Both the king and queen conversed long with him; complimented him upon the gallantry of himself and his party, in their frequent discomfitures of the French troops during their late invasion of Egypt; and acknowledged their services to the English armies, in the glorious expulsion of the enemy from that country. His majesty, we believe, conformably to etiquette, did not enter with him upon any political objects of his mission hither. The Bey said, he was proud of expressing to their majesties the inviolable attachment of all his party and adherents in Egypt: that he came to bear the homage of their respect to this nation, which, from its conquests, as well as its humanity, they considered the greatest in the world: that the happy deliverance of his country, by his majesty's brave armies, from the cruelties and oppression of the French, whom they regarded as their common enemy, would ever be engraved in the breasts of his people; and that he still hoped that, under his majesty's auspices, its peace and tranquillity would be finally established, for the honour and glory both of their emperor, the Sublime Sultan, and themselves, who, like a father and his sons, could have but one common interest.

On quitting Windsor, the Bey and the above military officers went to dinner at lord Hobart's, at Roehampton, at which were present lord Hawkesbury, earl St. Vincent, Mr. Sullivan, sir Evan Nepean, and several members of administration.

Yesterday his excellency paid his visit of leave to their royal highnesses the prince of Wales and the commander in chief of the forces, and the several officers of state; and this day he sets out for Portsmouth, impressed with every grateful sentiment of attachment to this country, by which he has been so kindly and liberally received. The Argo, which carries him out again to Egypt, waits his arrival at Portsmouth, and is to sail at his conveniency.

21. Yesterday, at noon, the officers of the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court association assembled at their committee-room, for the purpose of holding a court martial on —— Coats, a drummer, who was brought from Dover on Friday last, under a charge of deserting from that corps. It was proved that he had been regularly attested, received pay from that corps, from which he deserted, and entered into the 14th regiment of light dragoons. The decision will be reported to the colonel, and from him to the commander in chief, for his approbation. The prisoner was escorted from the Savoy prison and back by a party of the above association.

Dublin, *Dec.* 12. Yesterday, as the lady of Mr. James Tandy (confined in Kilmainham gaol on charges of high treason), accompanied by an infant child and a young lady, was returning from visiting him at that place, in passing the circular road she was fired at by some person, when a ball entered the front, and lodged in the back, of the carriage, fortunately without doing any other mischief than shattering the glass, by which the young lady, her companion, was much injured in the face. It is difficult to account for the motive that led to such a nefarious attempt.

Waterford, *Dec.* 15. Within these few nights several houses in the district between Cashel and Fethard, have been forced and robbed of arms. On the night of the 4th, the house of John Crehan, of Coliegh, was entered by an armed banditti, and robbed of two stand of arms, his watch, and some bank-notes. On the night of the 8th, Robert Price's house, at Colerain, was plundered in the

ſame way of two ſtand of arms; and the houſe of Denis Ryan, a police-man, at Knochinagow, was on the ſame night robbed of a gun, a ſword, and a caſe of piſtols. The ſame gang who robbed Ryan ſearched the houſe of John Neal, of Meldrum, on the ſame night, without ſucceſs. All theſe attacks were made at an early hour in the evening, when the families had not ſecured their houſes, or early in the morning, at the moment the houſes were opened. On Sunday night laſt a party of the Mobarnan volunteers apprehended Thomas Herrick, who is charged with being one of the party that robbed Crehan, on the night of the 4th.

The 16th and 46th regiments, at preſent ſtationed in Cork and its neighbourhood, are under orders for foreign ſervice: they will be replaced by other regiments from England.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 22. At Redlynch, Somerſet, lady Porcheſter, of a daughter.

In Hinde-ſtreet, Mancheſter-ſquare, the lady of Thomas Grimſtone Eſtcourt, of a ſon.

28. At Eaſt-gate-houſe, Wincheſter, the lady of ſir Henry Mildmay, bart. of a daughter.

Dec. 3. In Fitzroy-ſquare, the lady of William Hallewood, eſq. of a ſon.

6. At Ranelagh-place, Liverpool, the lady of lieut.-colonel Williams, of a daughter.

8. At Mount, near Chepſtow, the lady of J. Gerrard, eſq. of a ſon.

12. At his houſe in York-ſtreet, St. James's, the lady of gen. Balfour, of a daughter.

At his houſe, in Bedford-ſquare, the lady of Henry Luſhington, eſq. of a ſon.

16. The lady of John Stamforth, eſq. M. P. of a ſon.

At Woodcote-houſe, Hants, the lady of col. Cunynghame, of a ſon.

In Park-place, St. James's, the lady of commiſſioner Bowen, of a daughter.

19. At Carlton, near Norwich, the hon. Mrs. Petre, of a daughter.

Near Eton college, the lady of capt. Schomberg, of the royal navy, of a ſon.

20. At his houſe in Hertford-ſtreet, May-fair, the lady of John Dent, eſq. M. P. of a ſon.

At Edinburgh, the lady of colonel Ainſlie, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21. At Ravenſlie, Mr. William Deans, writer in Stewarton, to miſs M. Snodgraſs, only daughter of the late Mr. John Snodgraſs, of Lugtonridge.

At Stirling, the rev. W. Shaw, miniſter of the goſpel, Ayr, to miſs Janet Belch, daughter of the late P. Belch, eſq.

At Berwick, Mr. Rob. Stevenſon, ſurgeon, to miſs Wilſon, daughter of the late Mr. J. Wilſon, ironmonger.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr. J. Barland, Stormantfield, to miſs Betſy Butterworth, George-ſtreet.

Mr. D. Buchanan, jun. Montroſe, to miſs Gregory, daughter of the rev. J. Gregory, Bauchory.

Dr. J. Patterſon, phyſician, of Ayr, to Anne Craufuird, eldeſt daughter of the late T. Craufuird, eſq. of Ardmillan.

25. At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, Mr. T. Lloyd, to miſs Hughes, of Plumſtead.

Mr. H. Wincheſter, of the Strand, to miſs Averſt, of Hawkhurſt.

Dec. 1. At Standirt church, Lancaſhire, R. Browne, eſq. nephew to lord Frankfort, and lieut.-col. of the 12th light dragoons, to miſs Clayton, only daughter of ſir Rich. Clayton, of Adlington, bart.

At Hampſtead, W. Jones, eſq. marſhal of the King's-bench, to miſs M. A. Boydell, ſecond daughter of Joſiah Boydell, eſq. of Weſt-end, Hampſtead.

At Stoke, near Plymouth, capt. R. King, of the navy, only ſon of admiral ſir R. King, bart. to miſs Duckworth, only daughter of rear-admiral ſir J. T. Duckworth, K. B.

2. At Catton, near Norwich, the hon. F. P. Irby, captain in the royal navy, to miſs E. Ives Drake, ſecond daughter of the late W. Drake, eſq. M. P. for Amerſham, in the county of Bucks.

At St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, T. Walpole, eſq to lady M. Percival.

3. At Fetcham, lieut.-col. Darley Griffith, of the 1ſt regiment of foot guards, to miſs Hankey, of Fetcham-park, Surrey.

At St. Catherine Cree, Mr. F. Jackſon, of Grocer's-Hall court, to miſs Wade, of Leadenhall-ſtreet.

6. At Barnet, capt. Lewis, of the hon. East-India Company's cavalry, to miss R. Willows, of Golden-square.

At the Lea, near Ross, the rev. Mr. Davies, of Tretyre, to miss Fisher, of the former place.

At Bermondsey, Surrey, Mr. James Farrell, to miss Frances Seymour Cridlands, second daughter of the late Mr. H. Cridlands, of Brentford, surgeon.

10. H. F. Cooper, esq. to miss Eliz. Anne Bailey, niece to J. Bailey, esq. of Norney-house, near Exeter.

13. Capt. J. P. Boys, of Danbury, Essex, to miss Hartley, of Blackheath, Kent.

15. F. Whitmarsh, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister, to miss Powell, only daughter of the late Dr. M. Powell, physician general to his majesty's forces in the island of Jamaica.

16. Col. Desborough, to miss Vivion, daughter of J. Vivion, esq.

At Kingston, T. Wheeler, esq. of his majesty's ordnance at Portsmouth, to miss Murry, daughter of W. Murry, esq.

17. At St. Mary-la-bonne church, J. Hollingberry, esq. to miss Charlton, eldest daughter of the late sir J. Charlton, esq. of Apley-castle, in the county of Salop.

At Whitechapel church, J. Smith, of Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, esq. to miss A. Sheldon, of the same place.

At Manchester, W. H. Bracebridge, esq. of the first regiment of dragoon guards, to miss Bracebridge, daughter of A. Bracebridge, esq. of Atherstone-hall.

At Dorking, Surrey, the rev. S. Hoole, M. A. minister of Poplar, and chaplain to the hon. East-India Company, to miss Warneford, eldest daughter of the late rev. J. Warneford, of Dorking.

19. Captain Hodges, of the Oxford militia, to miss Green, daughter of Edm. Green, esq. of the Isle of Wight.

At Allhallows, Lombard-street, John Robinson, esq. of Fore-street, Edmonton, to Mrs. S. Smith, of Gracechurch-street.

DEATHS.

Nov. 25. At his seat in Oxfordshire, F. Page, esq. late member of the university of Oxford.

At Craven-hill Cottage, Mrs. A. M. Braine, wife of J. S. Braine, of the navy pay-office.

At Wembley-park, near Harrow, R. Page, esq. in the 55th year of his age.

In Great Ormond-street, Mrs. Bush, wife of Atkinson Bush, esq.

Dec. 1. Mr. T. Knapp, many years of Fleet-street.

Suddenly, at his lodgings in Spring Gardens, W. Wilcocks, esq.

On his return from Botany Bay, last from Manilla, the rev. T. F. Palmer.

At his house on St. Catherine's hill, Norwich, J. B. Burroughes, esq. one of the acting magistrates for that county.

At Chelsea, Mrs. E. Castleman, wife of H. Castleman, esq. of the Tower of London.

Mrs. Mouat, wife of Mr. J. Mouat, of Great Carter-lane, St. Paul's.

At Berwick, Mr. J. Hartley, aged 88.

In Hatton-garden, the lady of W. Stratford, esq.

On board of the Baring East-Indiaman, on his passage from Madras, Mr. J. Whitfield, late staff surgeon to his majesty's forces.

In Lower Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, J. Gordon, Haliburton, esq.

3. At Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh, lady Halkett, widow of sir J. Halkett, of Pitfirane, bart.

Mrs. W. Curtis, only daughter of Timothy Curtis, esq. of Homerton.

6. At Coedriglan-house, near Cardiff, Mrs. A. Wood, widow of the late Rob. Wood, esq. of Putney.

7. In Harley-street, Mrs. Ross, wife of general Ross, M. P.

8. At her father's house, Ayton, Berwickshire, miss E. Fordyce.

At Edinburgh, T. Pringle, esq. vice-admiral of the red.

After a short illness, in York-place, Kingsland-road, the hon. Mrs. Murray, only daughter of the late lord J. Murray, and wife of colonel Murray, of Bannercross, Yorkshire.

9. At New Barnes, near St. Alban's, Mrs. Towgood, wife of M. Towgood, esq.

In the 84th year of his age, colonel Boardman, late lieut.-col. of the Scotch Greys.

12. J Summer, esq. of Brompton-row, Knightsbridge.

At her house, in Seymour-place, lady C. Tufton, aunt to the present earl of Thanet, in the 76th year of her age.